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MEN OF
SCIENCE REELED IN
SHOCKED, HORRIFIED
DISBELIEF BEFORE THIS
MONSTROUS KILLER... THIS
GIANT INSECT THAT SOUGHT
OUT HUMAN PREY! AND A
TERROR-RIDDEN POPULACE
SHRANK BEFORE THE AWFUL
MENACE OF THE...

"VAMPIRE
SPIDER"!

HELP!
HELP!

ARR-RRRR!



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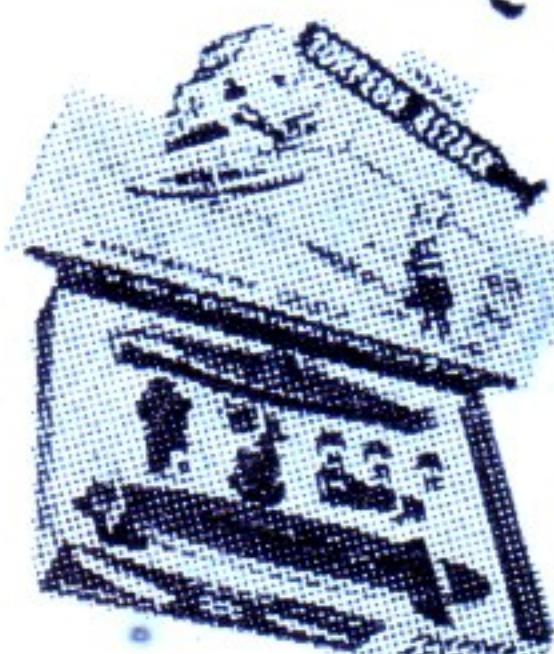
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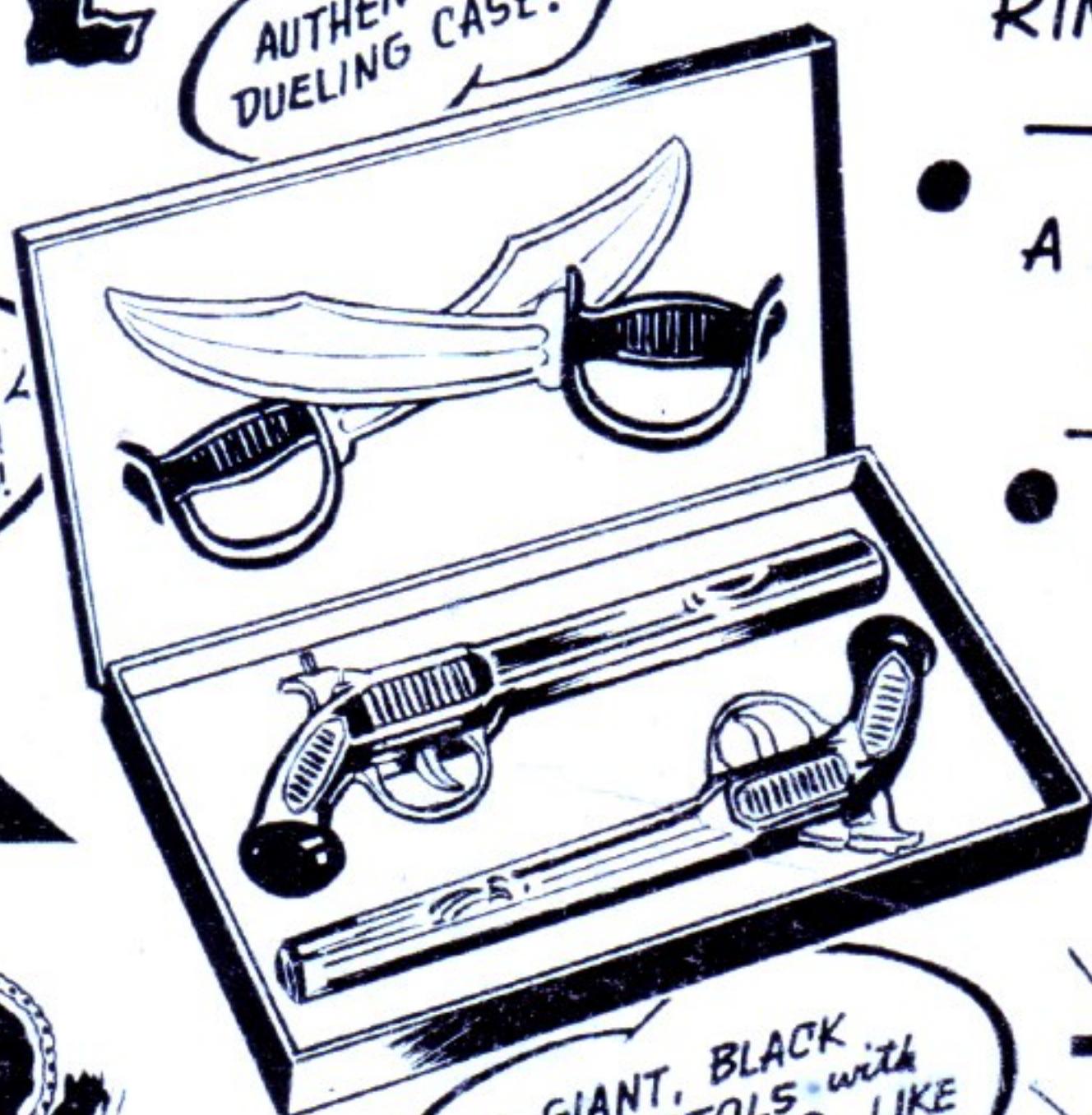
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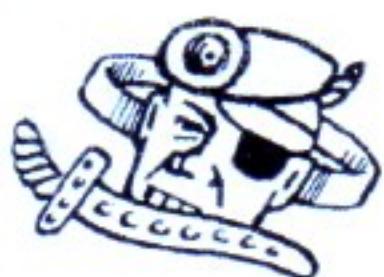
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VAMPIRE SPIDER

STAY BACK--
BACK!

BOTH HISTORY AND SCIENCE ATTEST TO THE FRIGHTFUL FATES WHICH HUMAN BEINGS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE EXPERIENCED! THOSE OF YOU WITH THE COURAGE TO SCAN THIS TERRIFYING ACCOUNT OF KARL GRUTZ'S ORDEAL WILL AGREE WITH US THAT HIS WAS THE MOST FEARFUL YET KNOWN!

ONCE A RENOWNED AND RESPECTED SCIENTIST, KARL GRUTZ NOW CONDUCTED HIS STRANGE EXPERIMENTS FROM A LONELY NEW ENGLAND FARM-HOUSE...

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,
KARL--LEAVE THE
POOR ANIMAL ALONE!
YOUR DINNER'S
GETTING COLD!

IN A MOMENT, MY
DEAR--BUT I
MUST INJECT
THIS SERUM
FIRST!

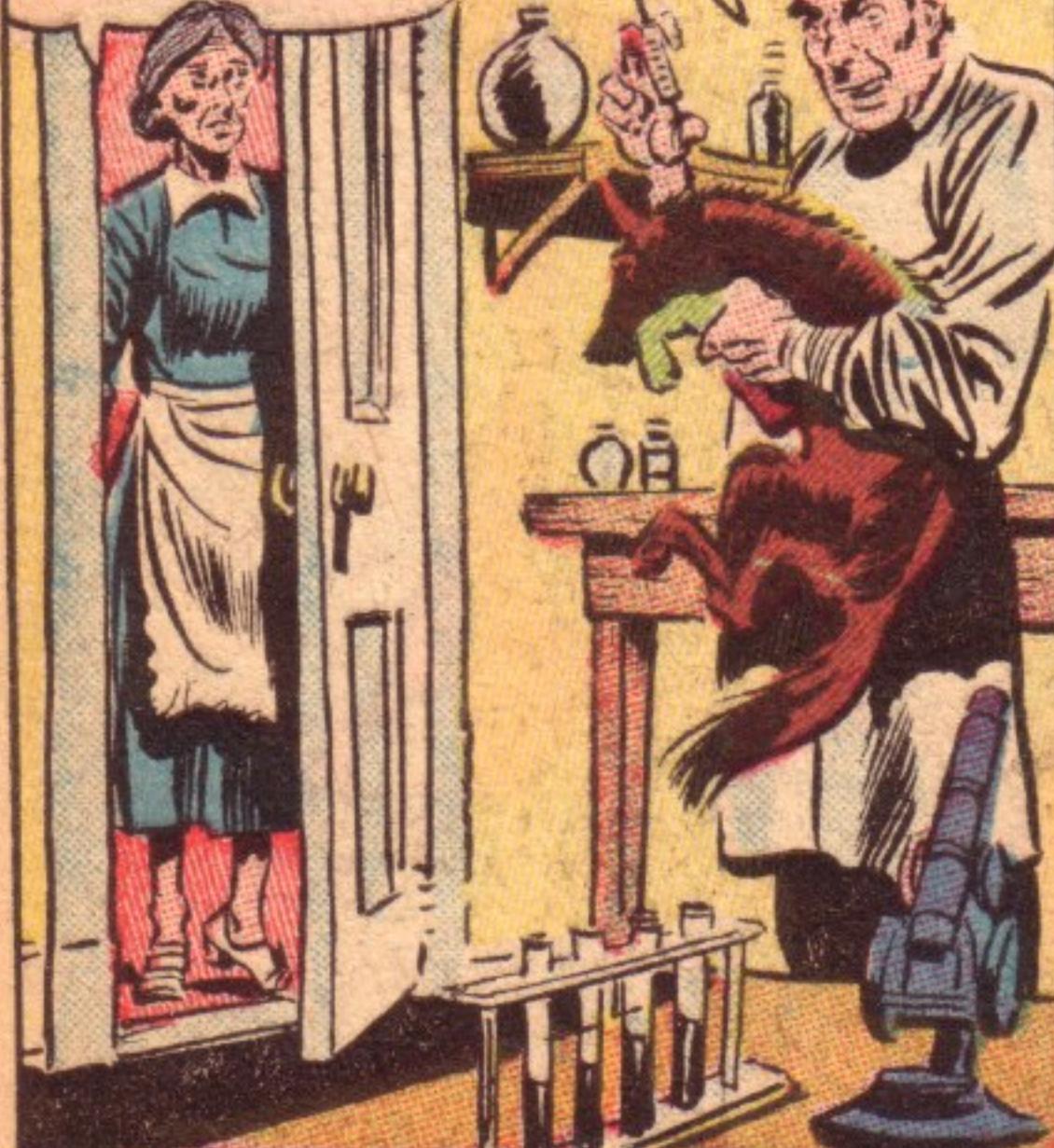
GIVE UP THESE CRUEL
EXPERIMENTS! WHY
TORTURE THE
POOR BEASTS?

ANIMALS
ARE MERELY
BRUTES,
MY DEAR--
AND SCIENCE

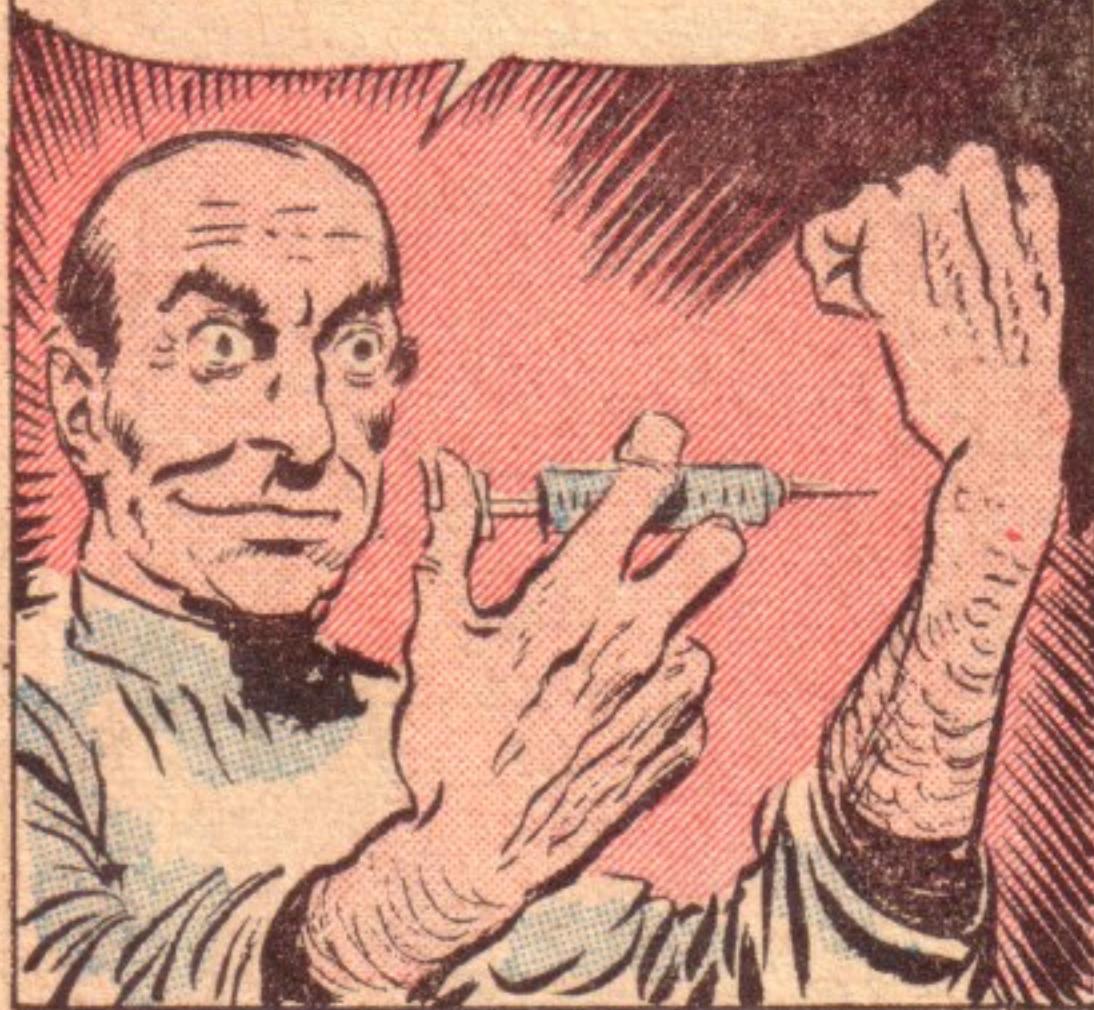
MUST GO FORWARD!
FOOLS HAVE CALLED MY
WORK **DANGEROUS**--
BUT WHEN I
SUCCEED I'LL BE
WORLD-FAMOUS!

NEVER, KARL!
NOT WHEN
THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION
EXPELLED
YOU FOR
EXPERIMENTING
ON LIVING
PATIENTS
WITH UN-
TESTED
DRUGS--
WITHOUT
THEIR
KNOWLEDGE!

WHAT IF A
FEW DIED?
THEIR LIVES
WERE MEAN-
INGLESS!
I'M GOING
BACK TO
WORK NOW
--DON'T
DISTURB
ME!



FOOLS--ALL OF THEM! WITHIN THIS NEEDLE LIES THE RESULTS OF YEARS OF WORK--A PURE INSECT SECRETION WHICH I'M SURE ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR ABILITY TO RECOVER FROM BODILY INJURY! JUST A BIT OF IT INTO MY OWN ARM--AND I'LL BE ABLE TO CHECK ON MY SUCCESS!



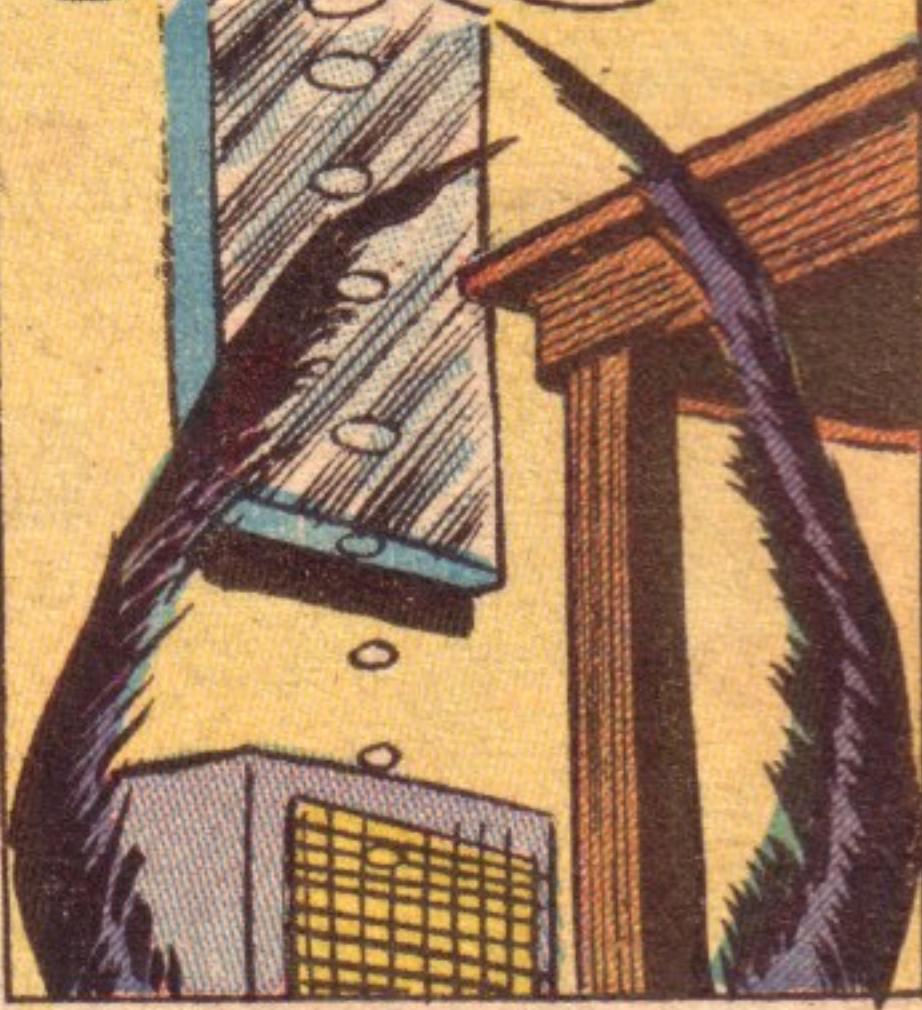
AS THE SERUM TOOK INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT...

AAAGH! MY CALCULATIONS--MISTAKE--MISTAKE--I'M BLACKING OUT!



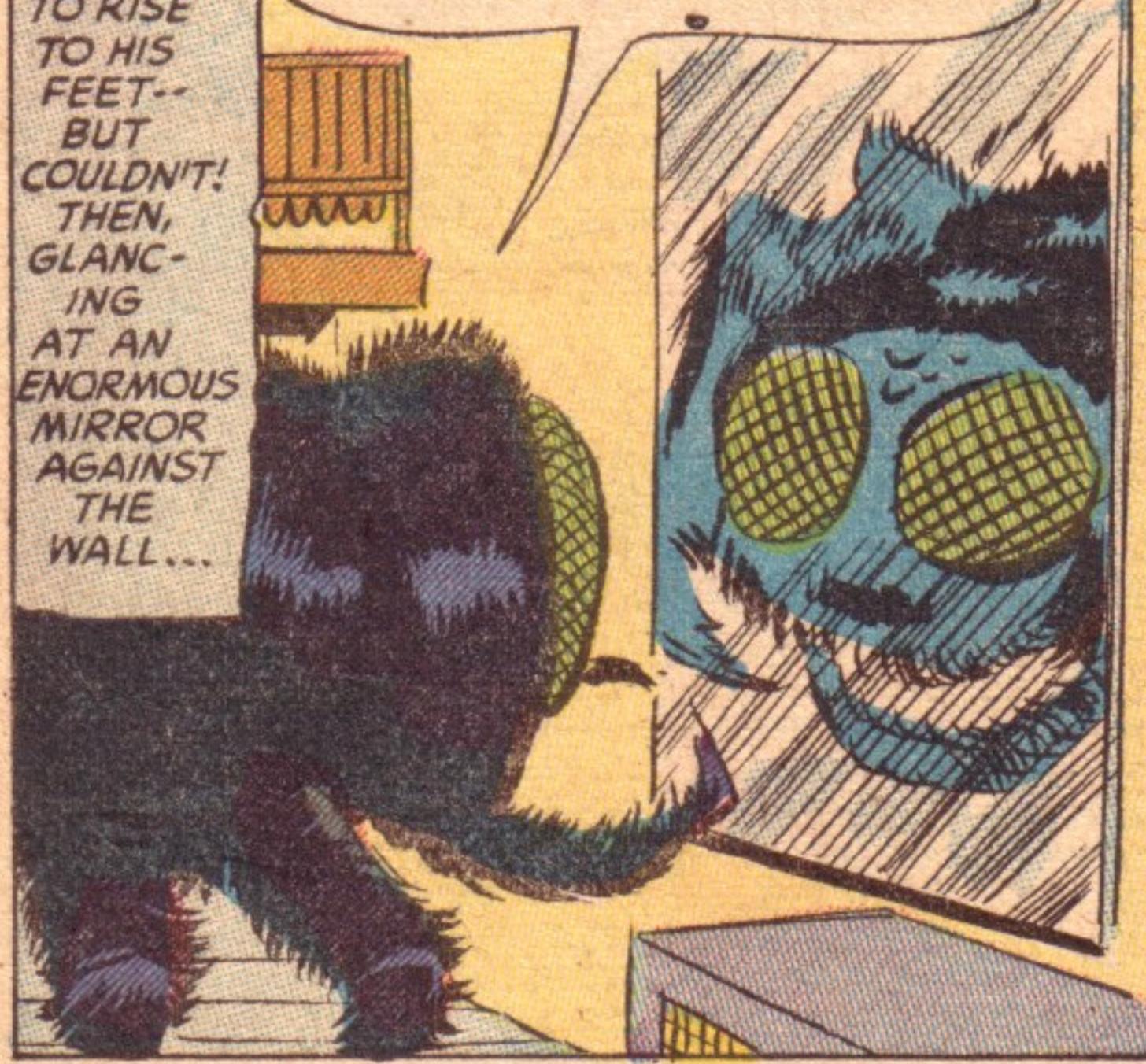
HE KNEW NOT HOW LONG HE LAY UNCONSCIOUS! BUT WHEN HE SLOWLY REVIVED, EVERYTHING LOOKED DIFFERENT TO HIM--STRANGELY SO!

WH--WHAT HAPPENED? WHY IS EVERYTHING SO--PECULIAR?



KARL TRIED TO RISE TO HIS FEET-- BUT COULDN'T! THEN, GLANCING AT AN ENORMOUS MIRROR AGAINST THE WALL...

NO--NO! I'VE BECOME--A MONSTROUS SPIDER!



THE FIRST AWFUL PAROXYSM OF HORROR PAST, KARL GRUTZ REALIZED THAT HIS GHASTLY TRANSFORMATION HAD STILL LEFT HIM WITH THE POWER OF THOUGHT--AND SPEECH! HIS FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO GET HELP!

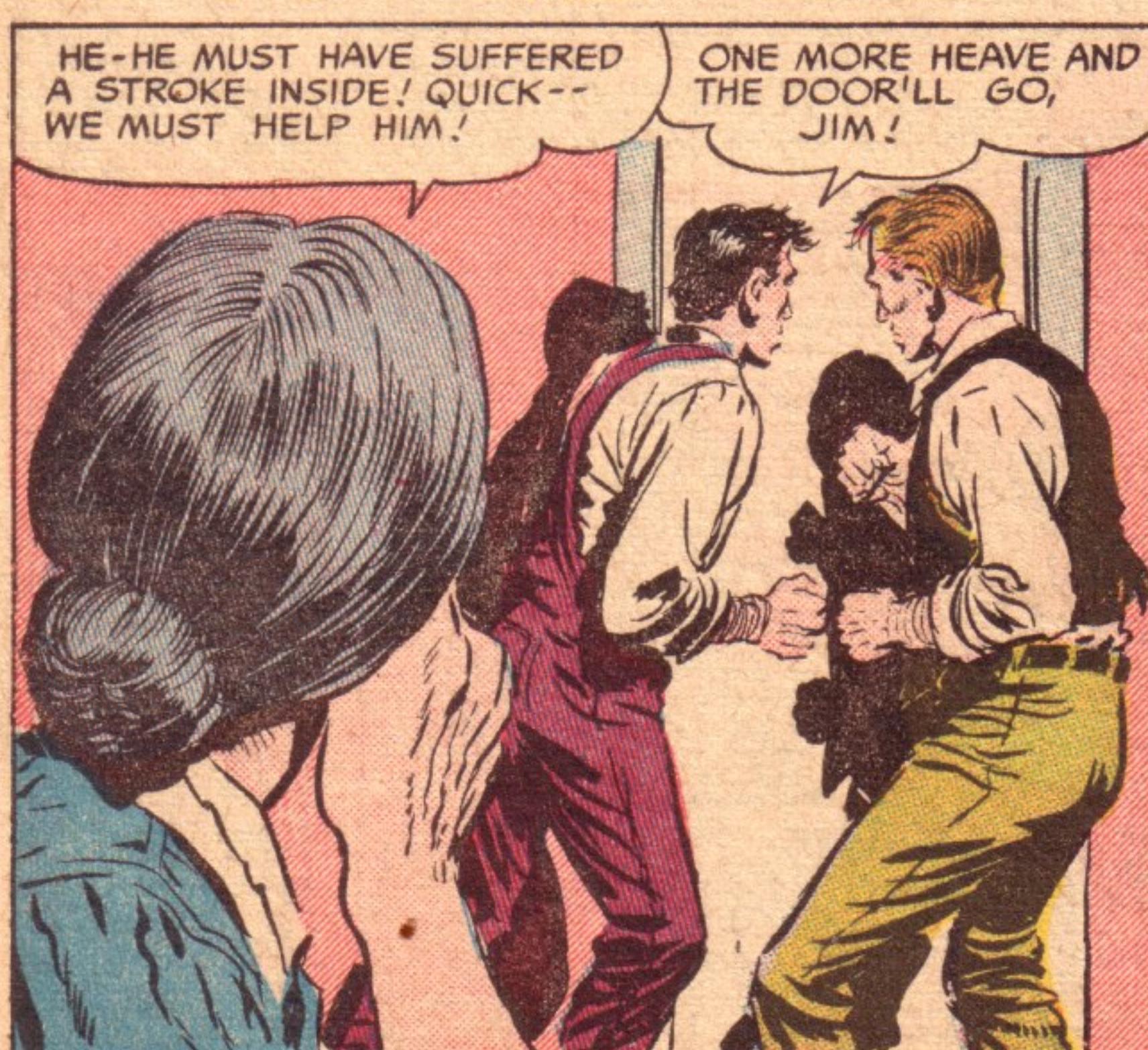
MARTHA! HELP ME! I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR!

KARL--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR VOICE? IT'S LIKE AN ANIMAL! WAIT--I'LL GET HELP TO SMASH THE DOOR IN!



HE-HE MUST HAVE SUFFERED A STROKE INSIDE! QUICK--WE MUST HELP HIM!

ONE MORE HEAVE AND THE DOOR'LL GO, JIM!



NEXT MOMENT...

GREAT GUNS! IT--CAN'T BE!

RUN--RUN!



THAT THING--IT
MUST HAVE KILLED
KARL!

RUN--WE'VE
GOT TO GET
HELP!

THEY'RE
TERRIFIED
OF ME--
THEY WON'T
STOP! AND I
CAN'T CATCH
THEM!

I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO RESTORE
MYSELF--BUT I NEED TIME! AND YET
HOW CAN I WORK--NOW THAT I HAVE
THIS STRANGE BODY? I MUST GO BACK
TO THE LABORATORY--**THERE'S NOT
A SECOND TO LOSE!**

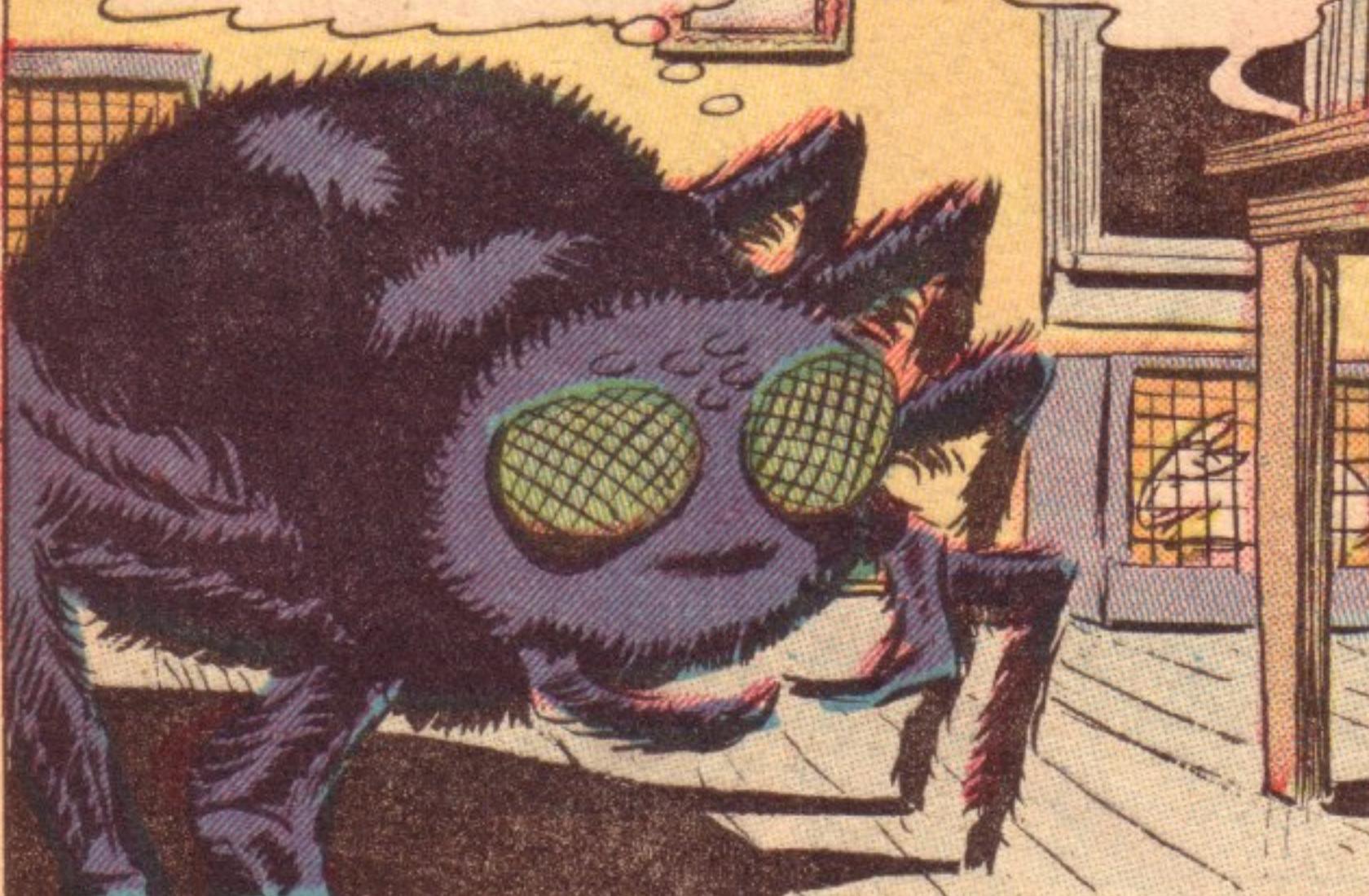


TIME PASSED SLOWLY... AGONIZINGLY...

IT'S HOPELESS! THIS BODY IS USELESS
TO ME! AND NOW A STRANGE HUNGER
POSSESSES ME! WAIT--THE ANIMALS
IN THE CAGES...

CLOSE IN
SLOWLY,
MEN--
AND
SHOOT
TO KILL!

I--I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE! THEY'LL KILL
ME ON SIGHT! WAIT--THE CELLAR
WINDOW! I CAN ESCAPE TO THE
WOODS!



LOOK--ITS
HEADED FOR
THE WOODS!
BUT I HIT IT!

WE'LL NEED
MORE HELP TO
SURROUND
THOSE WOODS
AND KILL IT!

BAM!



THE SPIDER HAD BEEN HIT
SEVERAL TIMES! BUT AS
NIGHT FELL--AND THE
PURSUITERS GAVE UP THE
CHASE TILL MORNING...

I'VE GOT TO HIDE TILL MY
WOUNDS HEAL! BUT WHERE?
WAIT--AS A SPIDER, I CAN
GO UNDERGROUND!



IN A NEARBY HILLSIDE, THE SPIDER
FOUND A CREVISE WIDE ENOUGH
FOR ITS ENORMOUS BODY--AND
ENTERED! DOWN AND DOWN INTO
THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH IT
SLITHERED--AS THE CREVISE
SLOWLY WIDENED...



UNTIL...

I'VE COME UPON A HUGE UNDERGROUND CAVE! I'LL BE SAFE HERE--AND NOW I MUST THINK!



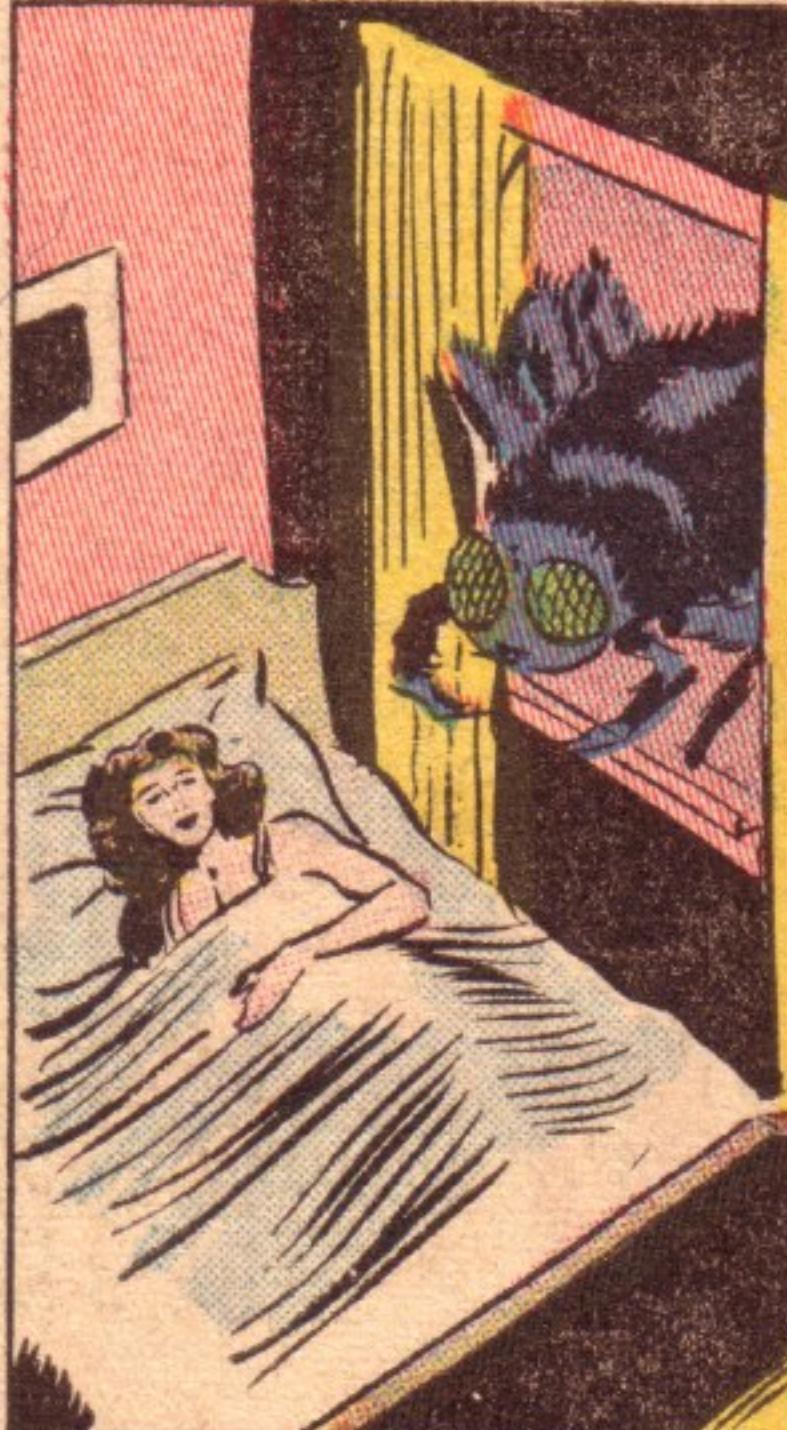
THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY IN THE DARK AND SILENT CHAMBER! KARL GRUTZ WAS BECOMING ACCUSTOMED TO HIS STRANGE BODY--AND NOW...

AMAZING HOW MY WOUNDS HAVE COMPLETELY HEALED! HOW MUCH I'VE LEARNED ABOUT ANIMALS! IF ONLY I COULD REVERT MYSELF.. BUT I DARE NOT RETURN TO THE HOUSE! THIS WEB CEASES TO SATISFY ME--AS DO RATS AND BATS! STRANGE-- I FEEL A FIERCE YEARNING FOR-- HUMAN PREY!



KARL GRUTZ COULDN'T EXPLAIN IT--BUT THE URGE HAD TO BE SATISFIED! SO, RISKING ALL, HE SLITHERED ABOVE GROUND, AND STEALTHILY MADE HIS WAY TO A LONELY FARMHOUSE...

THAT OPEN WINDOW GIVES ME ENOUGH ROOM TO ENTER! IT SHOULD BE EASY...



WHEN THE GRISLY WORK WAS DONE...

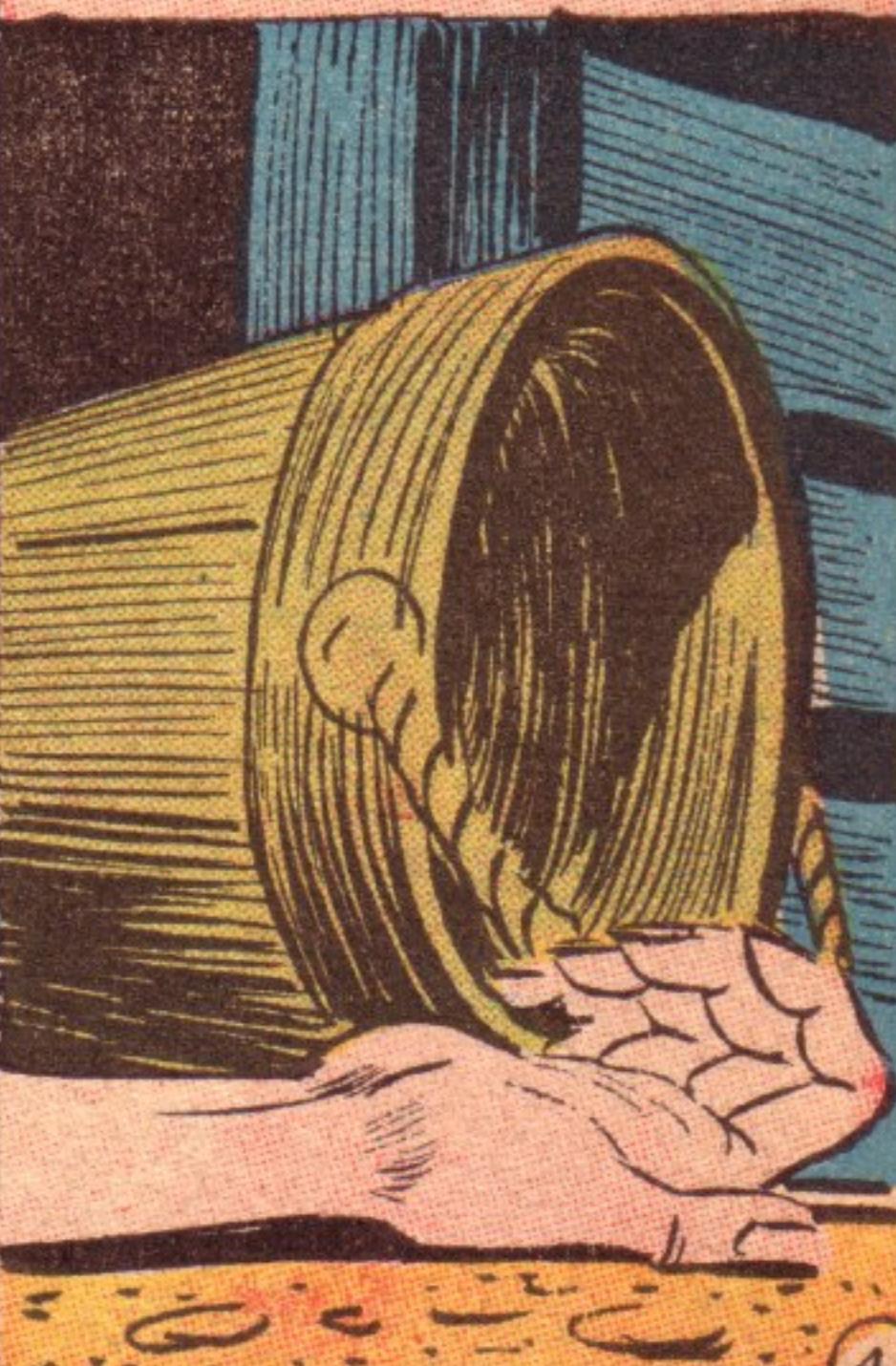


NEXT DAY IN A FARMHOUSE NOT FAR AWAY...

HOW SIMPLE IT IS! I AM ONLY FEET AWAY FROM HER--YET SHE KNOWS NOTHING! IN A MOMENT...

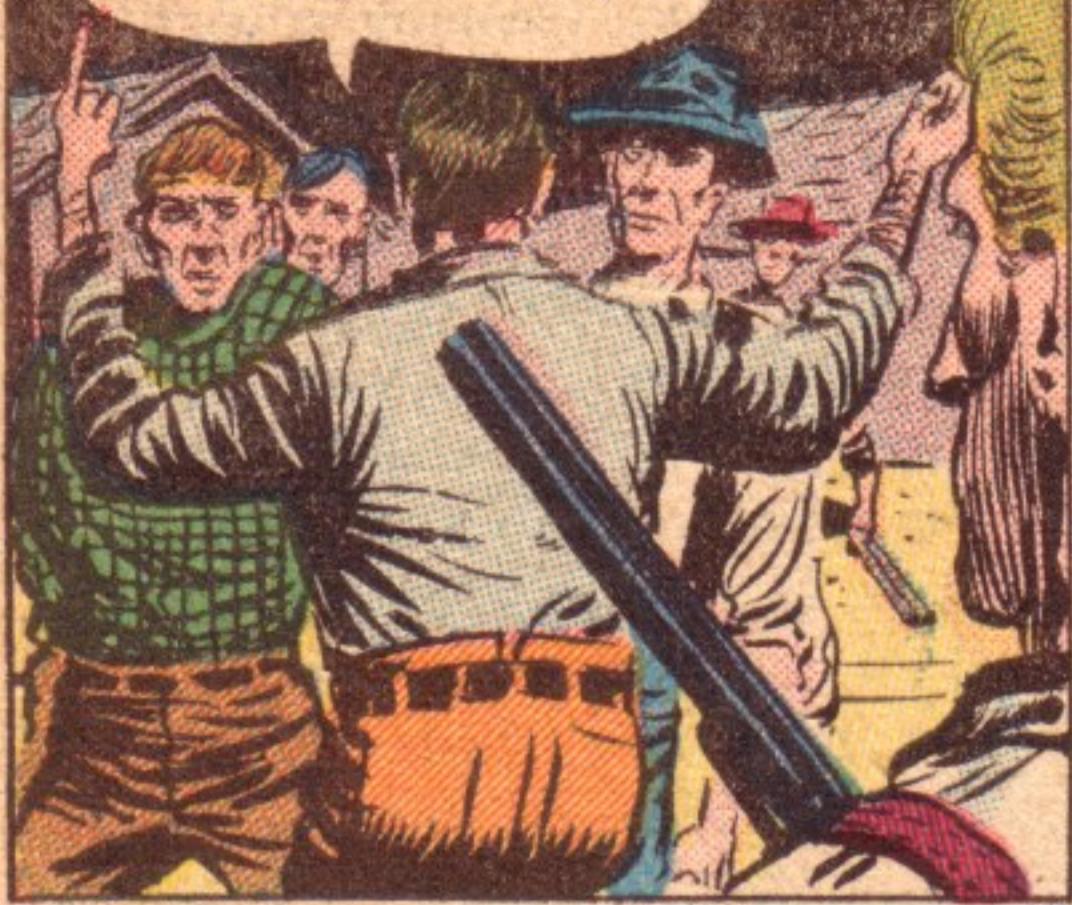


IN A MOMENT--SHE WAS DEAD!



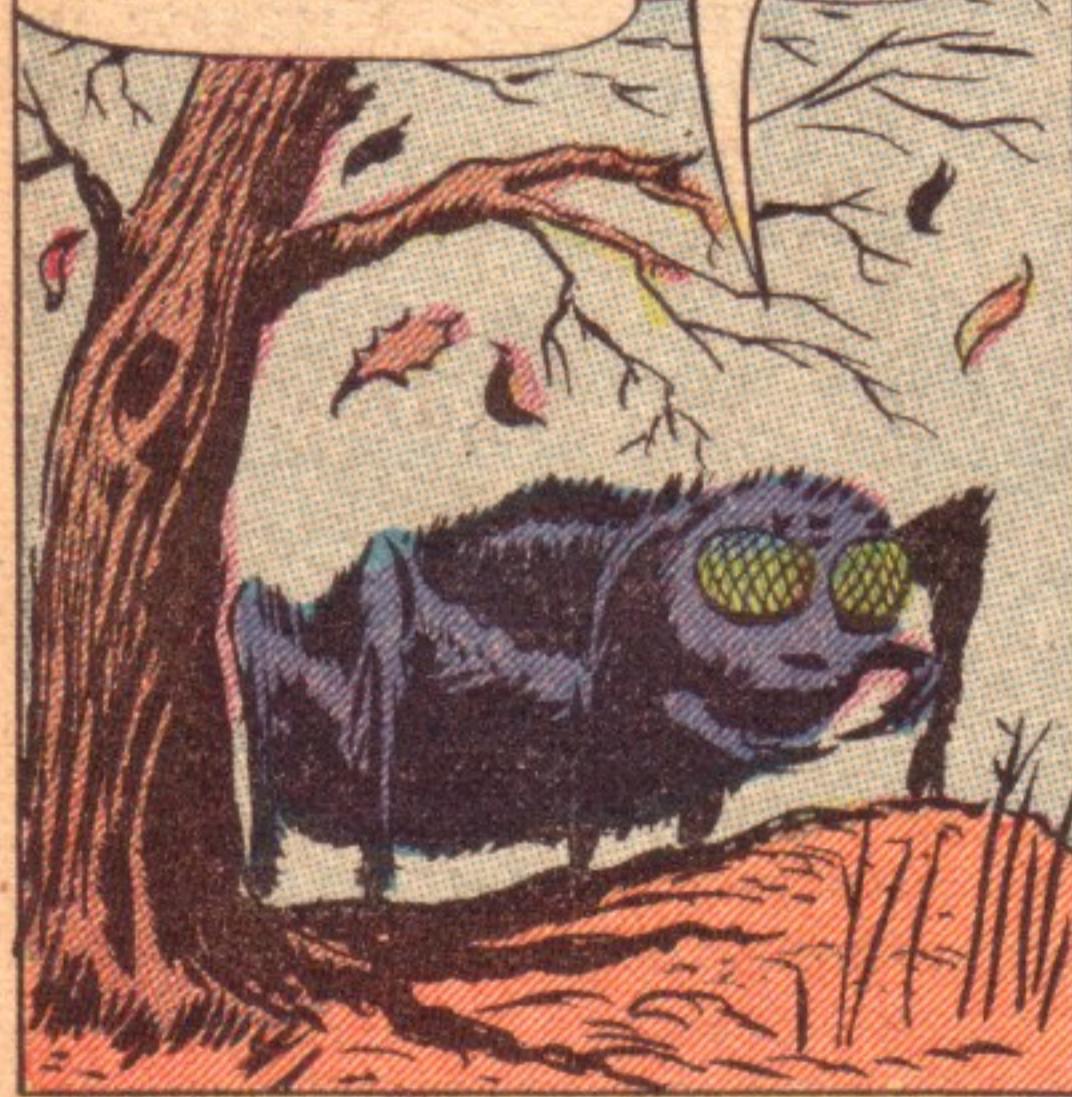
SO BEGAN A SERIES OF GHASTLY MURDERS! ABLE TO HIDE IN CELLARS, BARNs AND ATTICS, NO ONE WAS SAFE FROM THE GRISLY MONSTER THAT HAD BECOME A VAMPIRE! AS THE TERRIFIED TOWNSFOLK GATHERED!

NONE OF US ARE SAFE FROM THAT KILLER! WE'VE GOT TO SET TRAPS, USE POISONS, HUNT IT NIGHT AND DAY--OR WE'LL ALL BE WIPEd OUT!

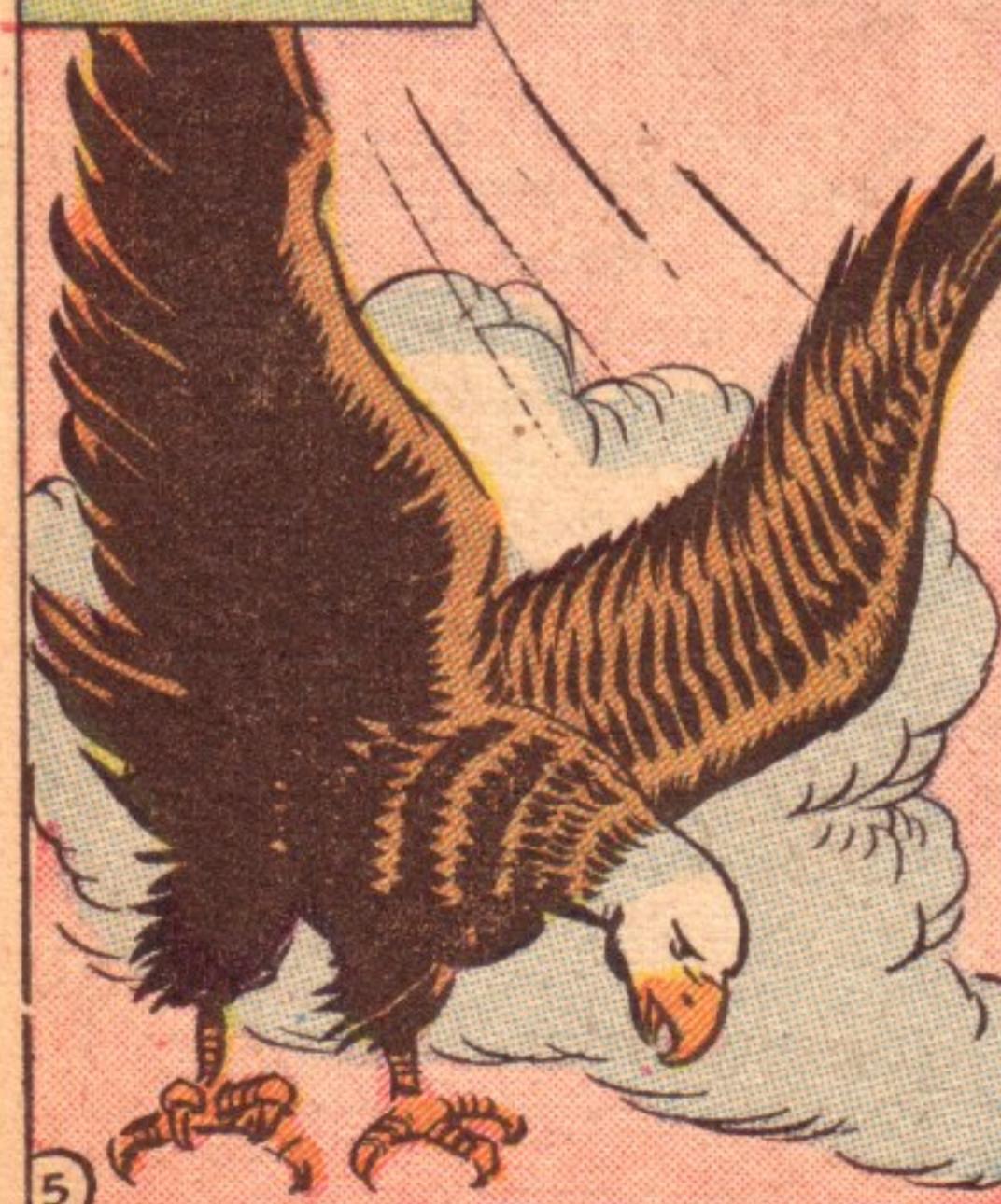


BUT WEREN'T THESE FACTS KNOWN TO KARL GRUTZ--SCIENTIST?

WINTER APPROACHES--I MUST GO TO A WARMER CLIMATE OR DIE! IT WILL BE A LONG HARD JOURNEY--BUT THERE WILL BE SUSTENANCE ALONG THE WAY!



THE FIERCE BIRD CIRCLED HIGH, AND THEN--SWOOPED FOR THE KILL!



ABOVE, LISTENING BUT UNSEEN...

THE FOOLS! DO THEY THINK THEY CAN GET ME WITH TRAPS AND POISONS? THEY'LL PAY FOR THEIR PRESUMPTION!



AND SO, THROUGH A SUMMER-LONG MASSACRE...

DON'T BE TOO SURE! THE TOWNS-PEOPLE ARE MOVING OUT OF THIS TOWN! NOTHING CAN STOP THAT THING! GUNS EVERY DAY-- WHICH MEANS THE SPIDER'S GOT TO LIVE OUT-DOORS! WINTER IS COMING ON-- AND THE FROST'LL KILL HIM FOR SURE!



THE DIFFICULT JOURNEY SOUTHWARD COMMENCED! HUNDREDS OF MILES LATER--

I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT NATURE IS MY MASTER! I MUST HURRY... I'M COLD--BUT I CANNOT REST



AT THAT MOMENT, FROM A TOWERING CRAG, DEADLY EYES WERE WATCHING A SMALL SPOT MOVING FAR BELOW...



BELOW AS THE SPIDER LOOKED SUDDENLY UPWARDS...

IT'S--AN EAGLE! COVER--I'VE GOT TO RUN FOR COVER!



BUT WHAT AVAIL THE SPEED OF A SPIDER'S SPINDLY LEGS-- AGAINST THE MIGHTY WINGS OF AN EAGLE?



THE END

THUS KARL GRUTZ'S CAREER OF DEATH ENDED--FITTINGLY! FOR AS A SCIENTIST--HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT FOR EVERY KILLER IN NATURE, THERE IS ITS NATURAL ENEMY!

PROOF POSITIVE

"WHEN IT COMES to such a ridiculous concept as the existence of spirits," said Mr. Otis W. Quimby self-importantly, "I demand proof positive!"

The students in Science III breathed a silent sigh. Not that there was anything wrong with a science teacher revealing the true scientific attitude, but did he have to be so smug and self-satisfied about it? Never did he allow for a doubt...nor did he for a second grant the possibility that there could be two sides to any question. And knowledge of this fact caused Tom Ferrell, his brightest student, to rebel. Tom strove to bring out the fact that there were many things that science could not explain...such things as extra-sensory perception, for instance. And when Mr. Quimby hooted him down, Al Goring, the second brightest student, brought up the matter of the old Fisher mansion.

The old heap had been deserted for years...partly because it was virtually uninhabitable, and partly because anyone who was foolhardy enough to attempt residence there always left hurriedly...fled town, as a matter of fact, without even pausing long enough for an explanation. Small wonder the place was called haunted, and shunned. But...Mr. Quimby didn't believe a word of it! He was so superior about it all that a few hardy members of the class, antagonized by his attitude and not knowing what else to say, ventured the feeble claim that their teacher lacked the courage of his convictions, and would not dare to spend a night in the Fisher mansion. And the rest of the students hastened to climb on the bandwagon, taking the same stand. Whereupon Mr. Quimby's face assumed a cat-ate-canary expression. "I'll take that challenge," he said. "And if after spending a night there, I offer *proof positive* that no supernatural agency can be found on the premises, then I shall expect each of you to pay for his impertinence by submitting a special term paper on a subject I shall assign!"

This spelled trouble for the students of Science III. Putting their heads together, they decided that there *would* be ghostly manifestations in the old Fisher mansion, even if they had to supply them! So it was

that on the night that Mr. Quimby took up his vigil in the tumbledown place, things started happening fast. A ghostly tap-tap-tap on the window...an eerie moaning from the fireplace...and then the giveaway, a stifled giggle from outside. Smiling grimly, the teacher proceeded to trace the disturbances. The tapping on the window? A simple tic-tac-toe...a spring arrangement which produced a tapping noise. The moaning from the fireplace turned out to emerge from a record player. Mr. Quimby already knew what the giggle was, and dispensed with it at once by firing a blank cartridge into the air...whereupon running footsteps told him he would have no more disturbance from *that* source. It was almost midnight now. Mr. Quimby placed the tic-tac-toe and record player in a corner, then seated himself at a rickety table, where, by the light of a flickering candle, he commenced to write. "In the further corner," his pen inscribed, "will be found the results of my experiment into the so-called *supernatural*. And there you will see *proof positive* as to what manner of ghost inhabits this old house. I..." At this point, Mr. Quimby paused in his writing. Mingled with the distant tolling of midnight was a new noise...an odd panting. It seemed to come from behind him...to grow nearer...nearer. It was feverish now...almost triumphant. "Those boys again!" thought the teacher. "I'll show 'em!" He wheeled suddenly...then recoiled, a scream tearing at his throat. *What was it, that thing out of blackness, its spectral claws clutching...clutching?*

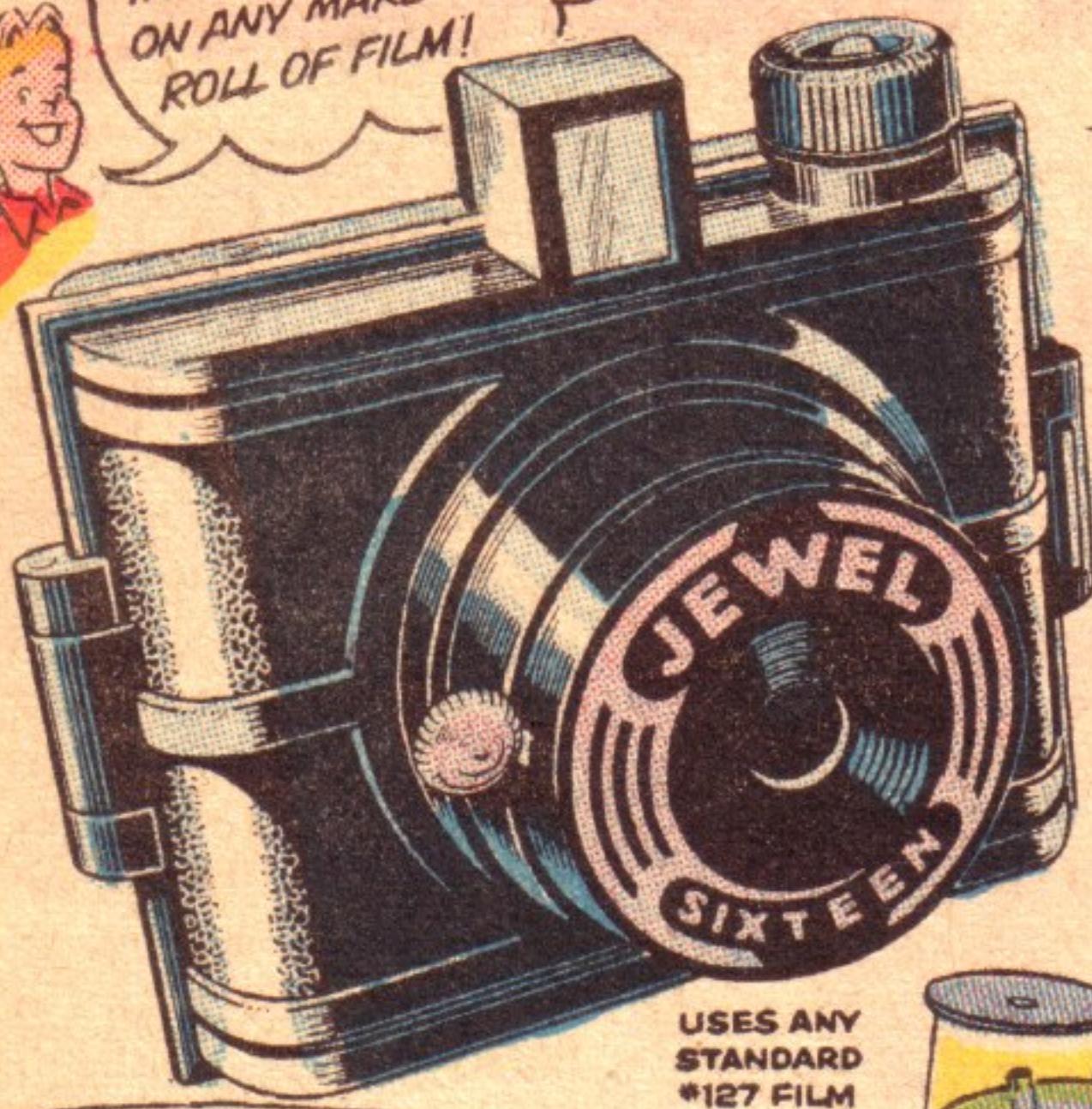
The paper on which he had written was there to see next morning...there for the sheriff and coroner. "In the further corner," read the sheriff, "...*proof positive* as to what manner of ghost ..." Like a magnet, the further corner drew his eyes. He couldn't see the tic-tac-toe or record player. They were hidden by the dead body of Mr. Quimby, bones shattered by some awful force not of this earth. And Mr. Quimby's eyes were open, open...staring horribly into space. And mingled with the horror was something else. Could it have been...*proof positive*?

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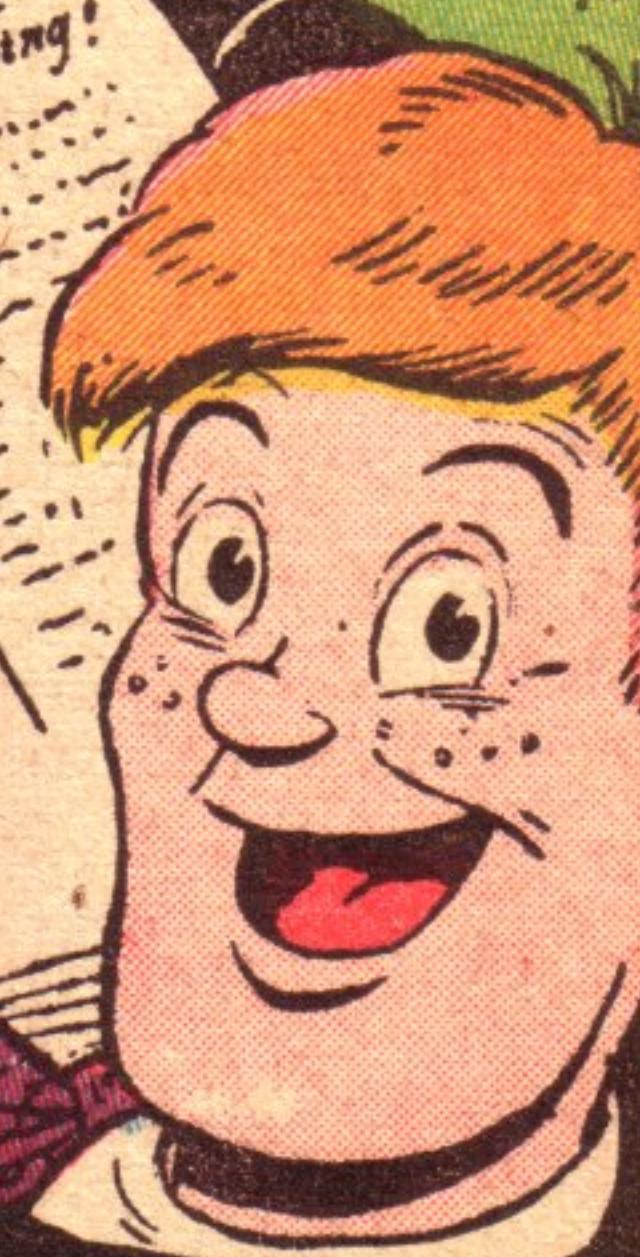
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IT WAS ALL THERE, A FABULOUS FORTUNE IN GOLD AND GEMS! AND IT WAS HIS... ALL HIS, BECAUSE HE HAD LEARNED THE INNER SECRET OF...

The LABYRINTH of DABOOR



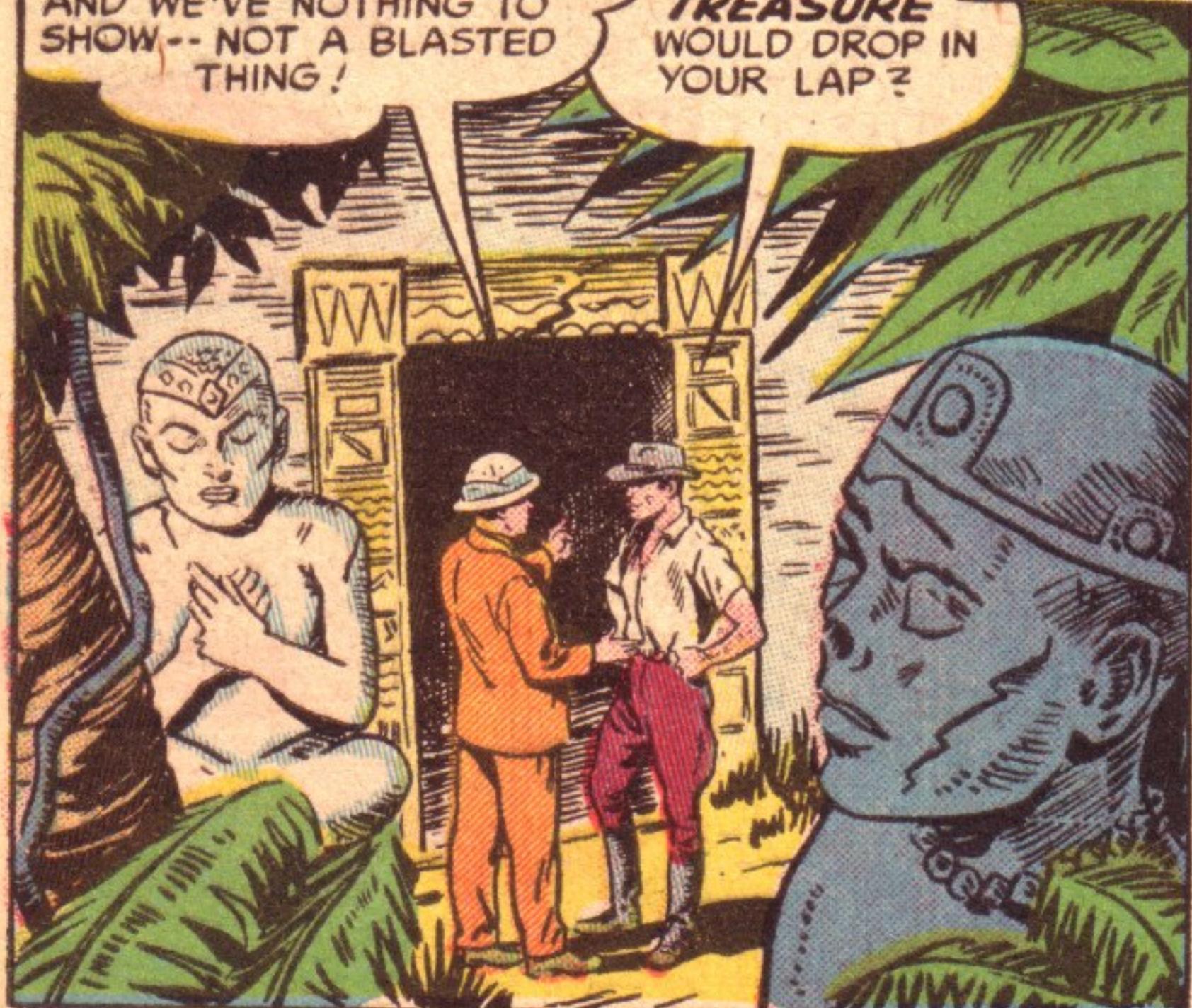
IN A REMOTE STRIP OF JUNGLE IN NORTHERN INDIA...

WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME, MOORE! WE'VE SPENT THREE DAYS IN THOSE UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS AND WE'VE NOTHING TO SHOW,-- NOT A BLASTED THING!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? DID YOU THINK THE **TREASURE** WOULD DROP IN YOUR LAP?

IT'S **HERE**, I TELL YOU! SOMEWHERE BENEATH THESE RUINS IS THE FABULOUS **TREASURE OF DABOOR!** I KNOW IT!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THE WHOLE NOTION'S CRAZY-- AND **YOU'RE** CRAZIER!



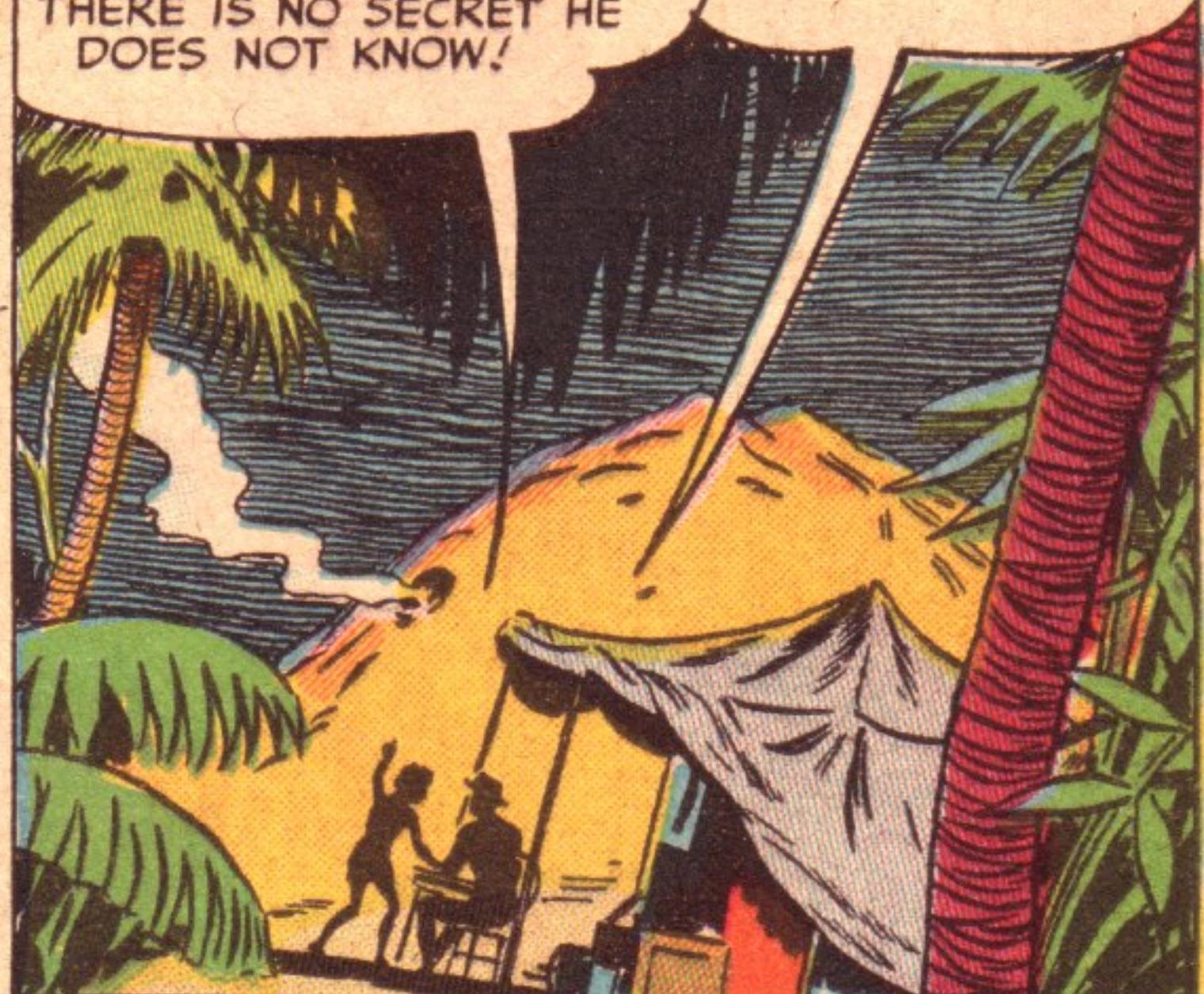
A SHORT WHILE LATER...

SAHIB LOOK SAD, BUT THE SECRET TREASURE OF DABOOR IS NOT EASILY FOUND! IT TAKE LONG TIME-- MAYBE NEVER!

IF I ONLY HAD A LEAD! SOME CLUE THAT I COULD WORK ON!

MAYBE I HELP! UP THERE IS CAVE OF MATTU--A WORKER OF GREAT MAGIC, AND VERY WISE! THEY SAY THERE IS NO SECRET HE DOES NOT KNOW!

WELL, I'LL TRY ANYTHING! EVEN THIS SO CALLED MAGIC-MAKER!



AND SO, LATE THAT SAME NIGHT...

...AND THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME! IF ALL SECRETS ARE KNOWN TO YOU, THEN TELL ME HOW I CAN FIND THE TREASURE I SEEK!

THAT IS DREAD KNOWLEDGE, MY SON! TAKE THE ADVICE OF OLD MATTU AND RETURN TO YOUR NATIVE SOIL! FORGET THE TREASURE OF DABOOR!

SO THAT'S IT, EH? YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT IT THAN ME! YOU'RE A PHONY, LIKE ALL THE --

SILENCE, FOOL-- AND LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!

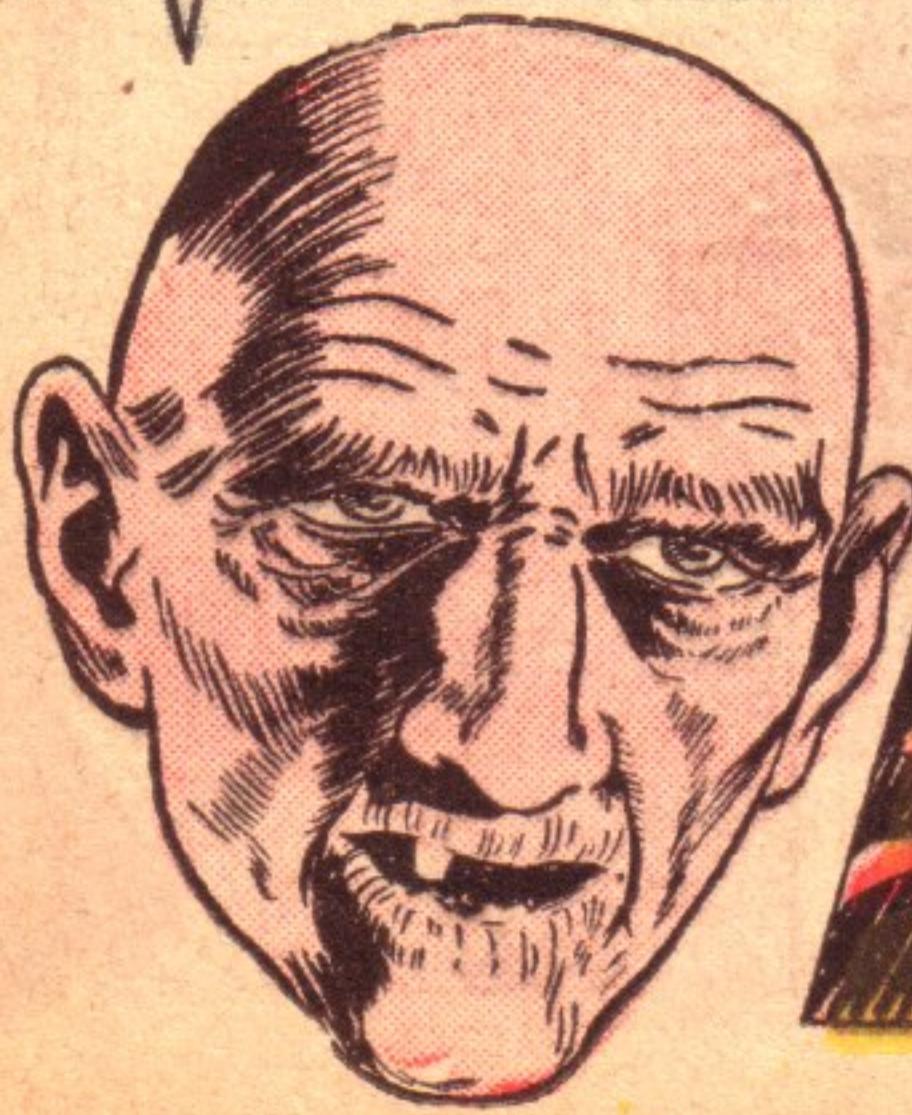


IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO LEAD YOU TO THE TREASURE IN THE LABYRINTH OF DABOOR, BUT THERE IS STILL A WAY! MY MAGIC CAN POINT THE WAY, BUT FIRST I NEED A HUMAN HEAD! FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT ONLY THE EYES OF THE DEAD CAN SEARCH OUT THE TREASURE YOU SEEK!

A HEAD, EH? WELL, THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO GET HOLD OF! MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE JUST THE PERSON IN MIND! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE, MATTU-- SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS MOORE CREPT STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE PARTNER HE HATED--

WHERE HAVE YOU-- THAT KNIFE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO...



NO, MOORE!
DON'T--
ARGHHHH!

WHY **SHOULDN'T** I HAVE KILLED HIM? HE'S THE ONE WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE TREASURE! ALL HE DID WAS WHINE AND COMPLAIN! AT LEAST **NOW** HE'LL SERVE SOME PURPOSE! HE'S WORTH MORE TO ME DEAD THAN ALIVE!

MINUTES LATER...

IT'S **DONE!**

I HAVE THE HEAD THAT MATTU ASKED FOR, AND IN A LITTLE WHILE I SHALL HAVE THE TREASURE TOO! IT WILL BE MINE-- **ALL MINE!**

BACK AT THE MAGIC-WORKER'S CAVERN--

SO YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE HEAD I ASKED FOR! YOU HAVE EVEN **MURDERED** TO SATISFY YOUR LUST FOR GOLD!

I SAID I'D STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THAT TREASURE, AND I MEANT IT! NOW GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS! DO YOUR MAGIC! SEE THAT IT WORKS, MATTU-- **OR YOUR HEAD JOINS HIS!**

QUICKLY, MATTU PLACES THE GRISLY SACK BEFORE HIM, AND THEN HIS VOICE RISES IN AN ECHOING CHANT...

I, GREAT MATTU, COMMAND THE DEAD, OPEN THINE EYES, THOU SEVERED HEAD!

THEN, WITH DRAMATIC SUDDENNESS--

THE HEAD! IT'S RISING! AND THE EYES-- **THEY'RE OPEN!**

SPIRIT OF THE DEAD, HEAR MY COMMAND! IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY THE PROPHETS OF OLD THAT THE SECRET TREASURE OF DABOOR CAN BE REVEALED ONLY TO YOU! **GO, THEN!** TAKE THIS MORTAL TO WHERE THE TREASURE LIES!

LOOK! IT'S MOVING!
WHAT DO I DO NOW?

YOU MUST
FOLLOW!

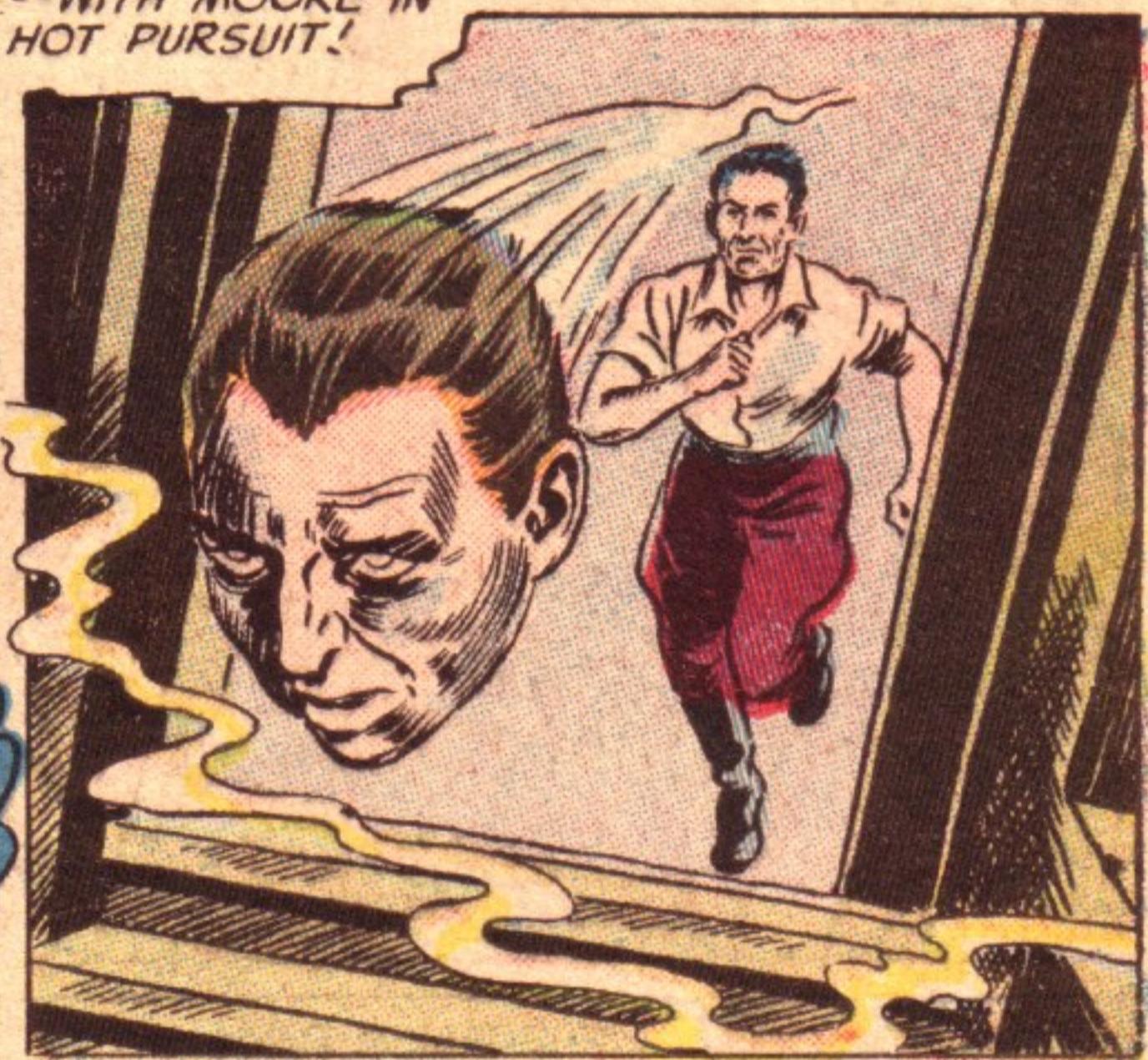
THE HEAD WILL ENTER THE LABYRINTH, AND
YOU MUST ACCOMPANY IT! IT IS NOW
ENDOWED WITH KNOWLEDGE DENIED TO
MORTALS AND WILL LEAD YOU TO THE
FABULOUS FORTUNE YOU SEEK! GO NOW--
HURRY!

YEAH! CAN'T LET IT
GET AWAY! G-GOT
TO FOLLOW IT!

THERE IT GOES!
MUSTN'T LET IT
GET OUT OF SIGHT!

IT'S DOING JUST LIKE MATTU SAID IT
WOULD!--ENTERING THE LABYRINTH!
HA-HA!--THAT WEALTH--SOON IT
WILL BE **MINE!**

WITH ACCELERATED
SPEED, THE SEVERED
HEAD DARTS INTO
THE STYGIAN GLOOM
OF THE EERIE MAZE
--WITH MOORE IN
HOT PURSUIT!



TURN FOLLOWS
TURN, ONE
PASSAGeway
GIVES WAY TO
ANOTHER, BUT
THE RELENTLESS
MURDERER
PLODS ON...

WE'VE BEEN AT IT (PUFF) FOR
ALMOST TWO HOURS! SEEMS
LIKE I'VE BEEN COVERING THE
SAME GROUND OVER AND
OVER! CAN'T GIVE UP NOW--
GOT TO GO ON...**GOT TO!**



BUT SUDDENLY...

WAIT! IT'S TURNING
OFF--INTO A CHAMBER!
THIS IS IT--I--I **KNOW**
IT IS! IT'S THERE
**WAITING
FOR ME!**



AND THEN...

**GOLD... A MOUNTAIN
OF IT! I'VE FOUND
IT! THE HIDDEN TREASURE
OF DABOOR!**

AND YOU, LED ME TO IT! I SAID YOU
WERE WORTH MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE,
AND YOU **ARE! HA-HA-HA!**

YES, I LED YOU TO
THE TREASURE! I
HAVE DONE AS I WAS
COMMANDED!

Y--YOU'RE
TALKING!
YOU CAN
SPEAK!

YES--AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT
I WAS ORDERED TO LEAD YOU **TO**
THE TREASURE! BUT NOTHING
WAS SAID ABOUT **LEADING**,
YOU OUT!

WAIT!
YOU **CAN'T**
LEAVE ME HERE!
YOU **CAN'T!**

NO... DON'T LEAVE
ME! I CAN'T KEEP
UP! YOU'RE GOING
TOO FAST! STOP...
STOP!

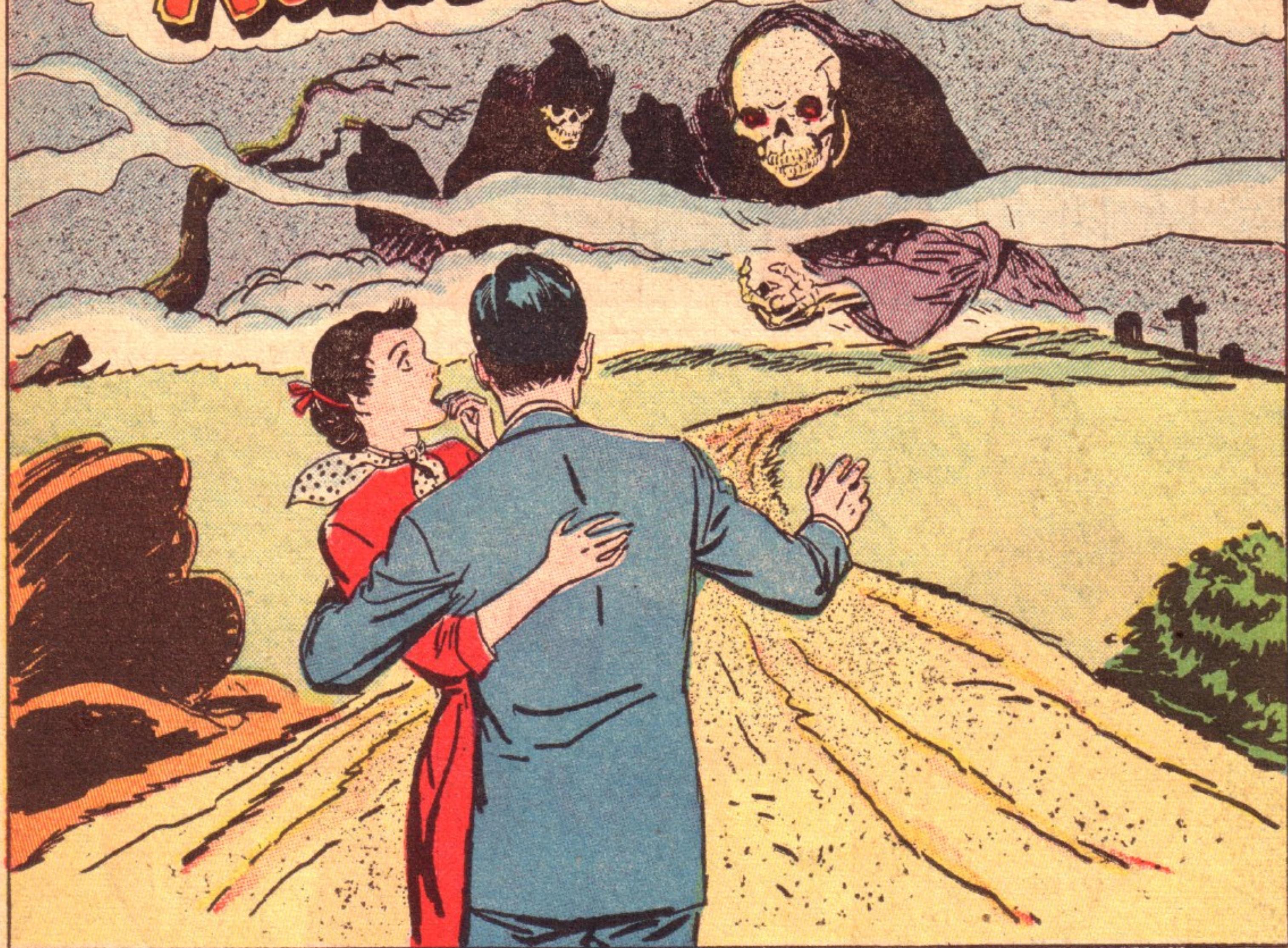
TURN FOLLOWS
TURN, ONE
PASSAGeway
GIVES WAY TO
ANOTHER, THE
SAME GROUND
IS COVERED
OVER AND
OVER AGAIN...

THERE'S A TURN UP
AHEAD... MAYBE THAT'S
IT, BECAUSE I CAN SEE
SOME KIND OF **LIGHT!**
M--MY STRENGTH'S GOING
... GOT TO TRY... GOT TO
REACH IT! THAT **SHINING**
LIGHT-- MAYBE--IT'S THE
WAY OUT OF
THIS AWFUL
LABYRINTH--

BUT THE LIGHT
IS NOT OF THE
SUN... ONLY THE
YELLOW GOLD
OF THE TREASURE
OF DABOOR! AND
IT IS ALL HIS...
EVERY SINGLE
PIECE OF IT...

IT WAS A STRANGE ROAD, A FEARFUL AND LONELY ROAD--SHROUDED IN MIST AND FOG! BUT FOR ROY AND MARION, THERE COULD BE NO TURNING BACK, FOR BEHIND THEM WAS A FOUL CRIME FROM WHICH THEY MUST FLEE! AND SO THEY HASTENED ON, EACH STEP CARRYING THEM FURTHER DOWN...

The ROAD TO DEATH



PROF. STANLEY HOYLE, NOTED MATHEMATICIAN, HAS COME ALONE TO HIS ISOLATED MOUNTAIN CABIN TO FINISH HIS NEW BOOK! BUT TODAY HE IS TO HAVE TWO UNEXPECTED VISITORS-- HIS YOUNG WIFE, MARION, AND ROY WILSON...

I... I'M A LITTLE FRIGHTENED, ROY! MUST WE GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

YOU KNOW WE MUST! THE POOR FOOL WOULD NEVER GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM--NO MATTER WHAT!

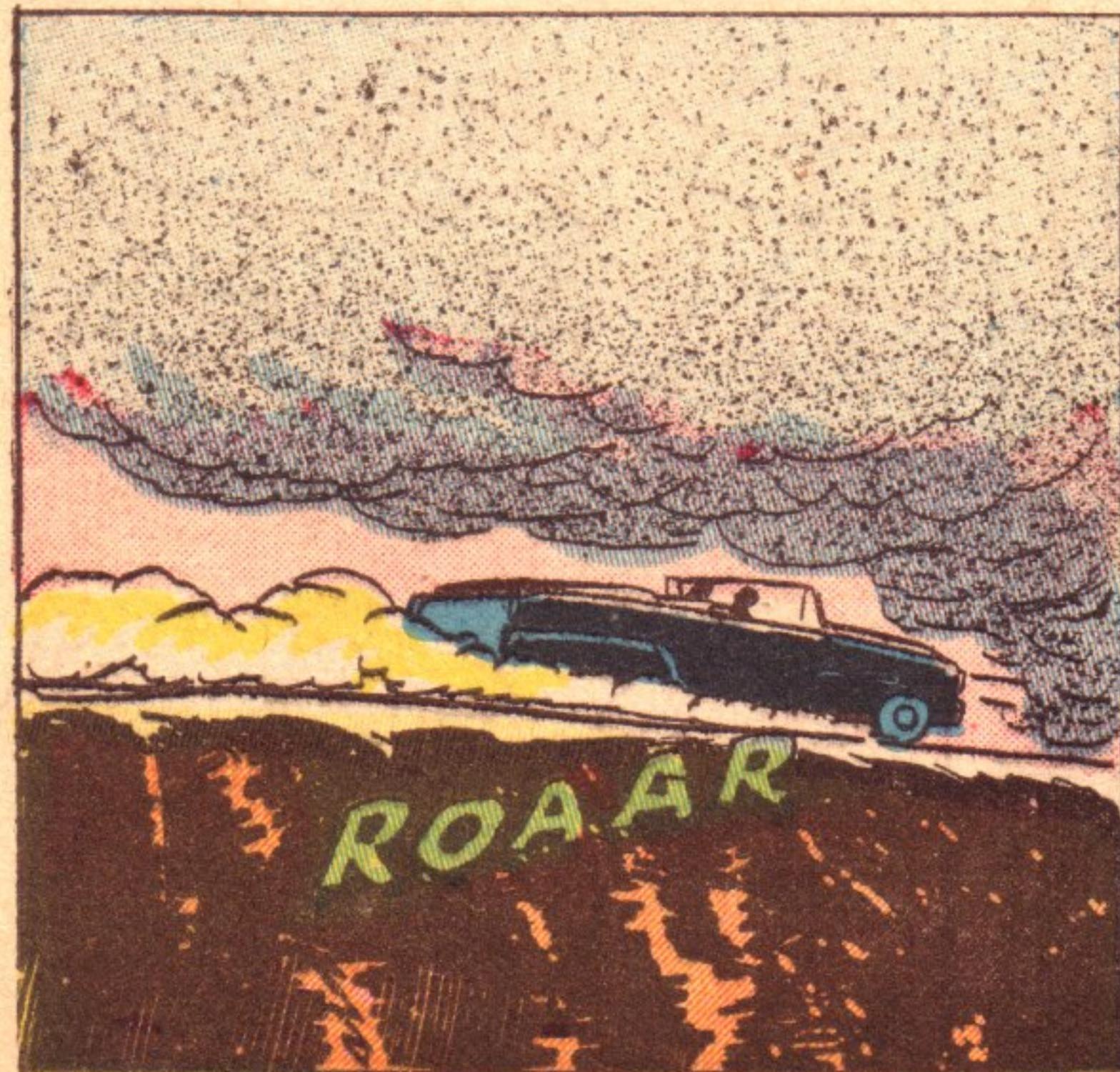
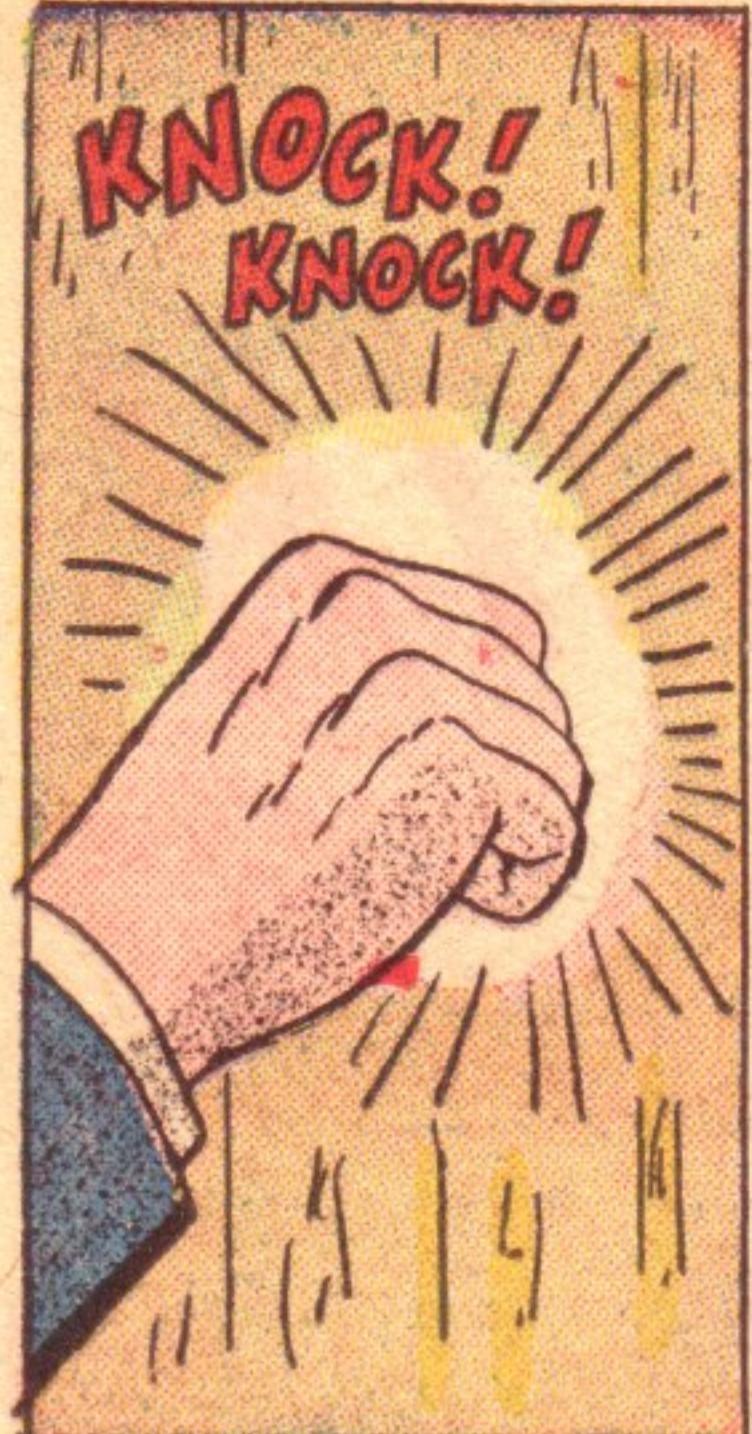


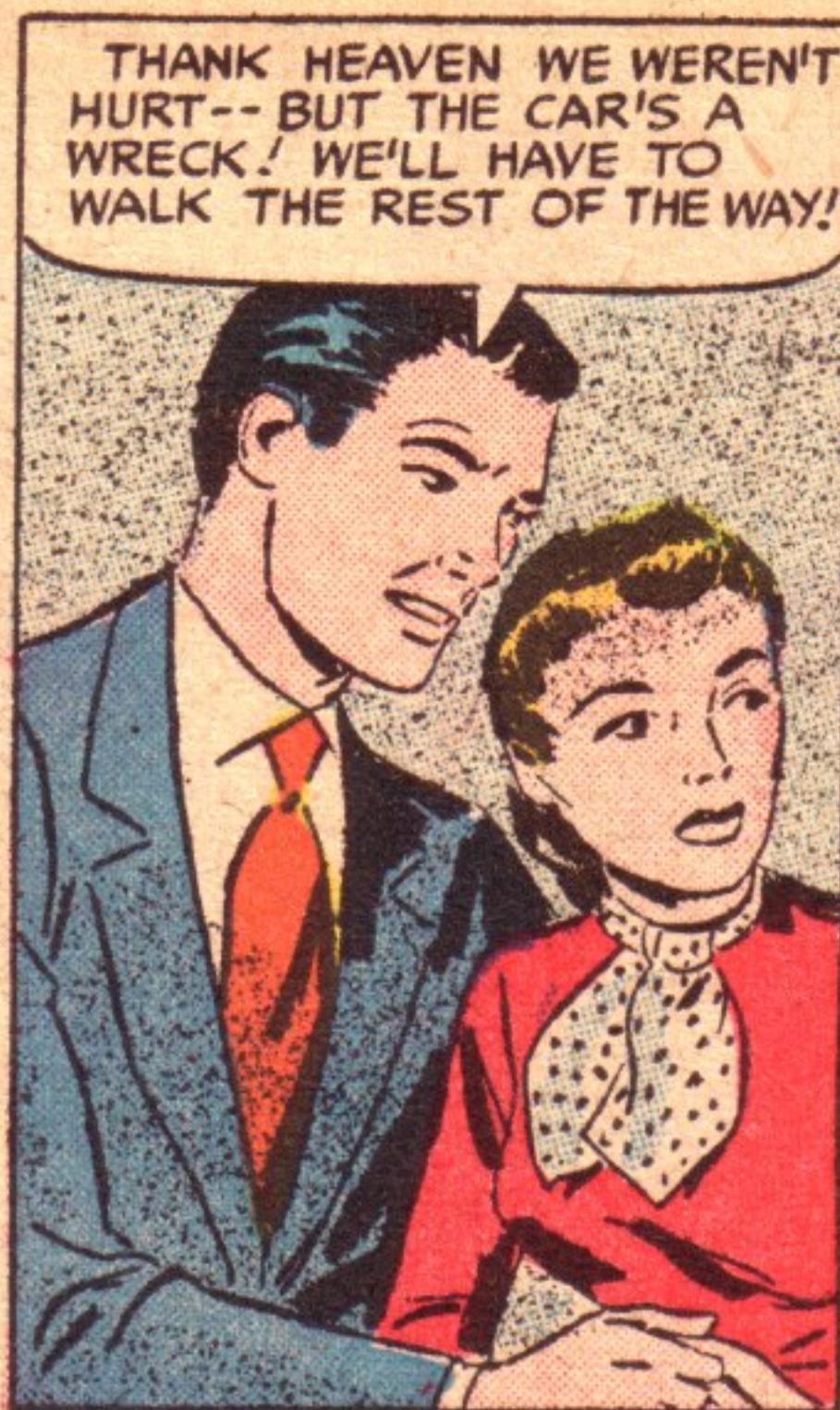
YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!

OF COURSE! NOW REMEMBER--YOU DISTRACT HIM--I'LL DO THE REST! THEN WE'LL SET THE PLACE ON FIRE! BEFORE HELP CAN ARRIVE IN THIS LONELY SPOT, IT WILL BURN TO THE GROUND DESTROYING ALL EVIDENCE--AND WE'LL BE FAR AWAY!

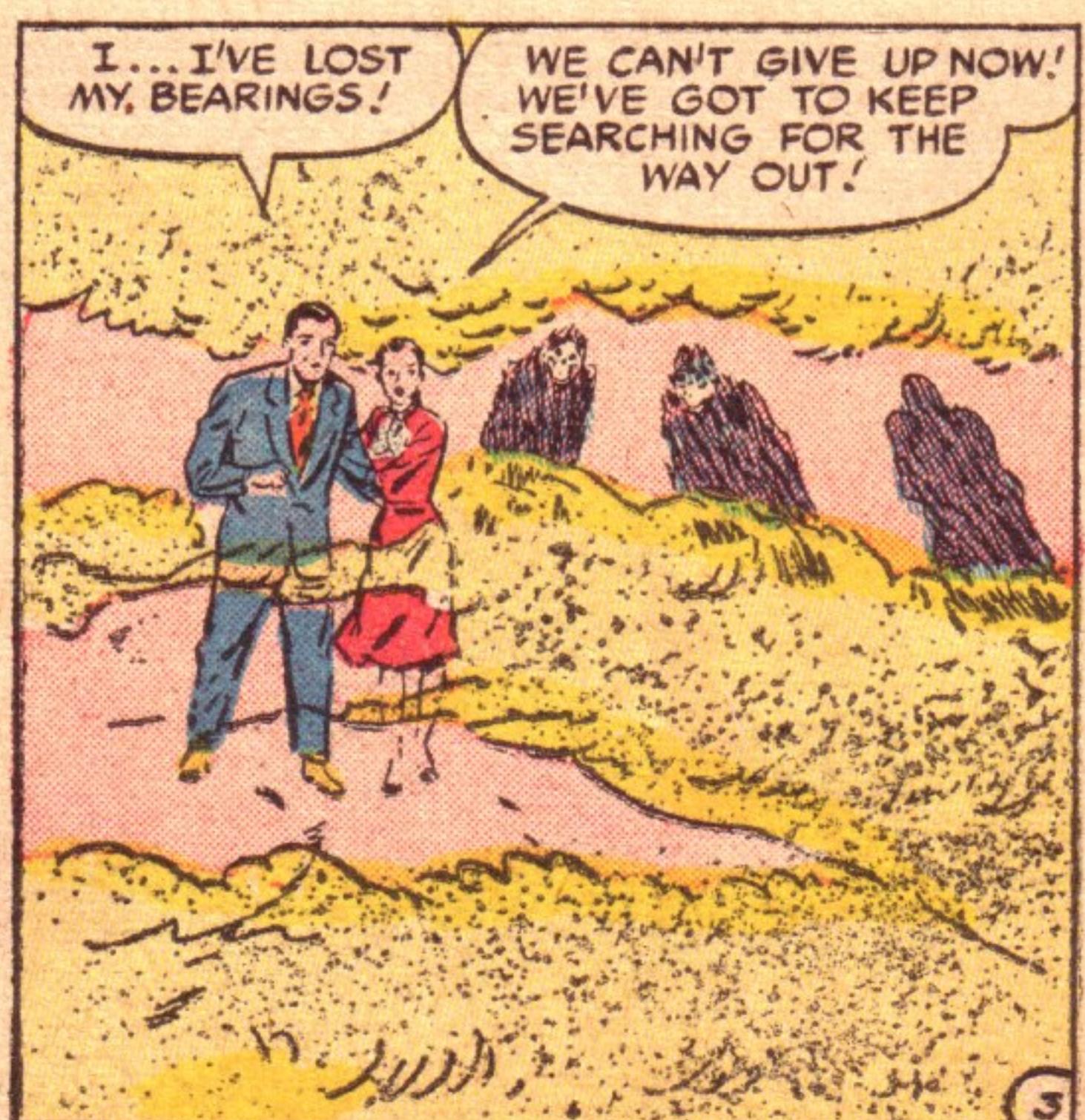
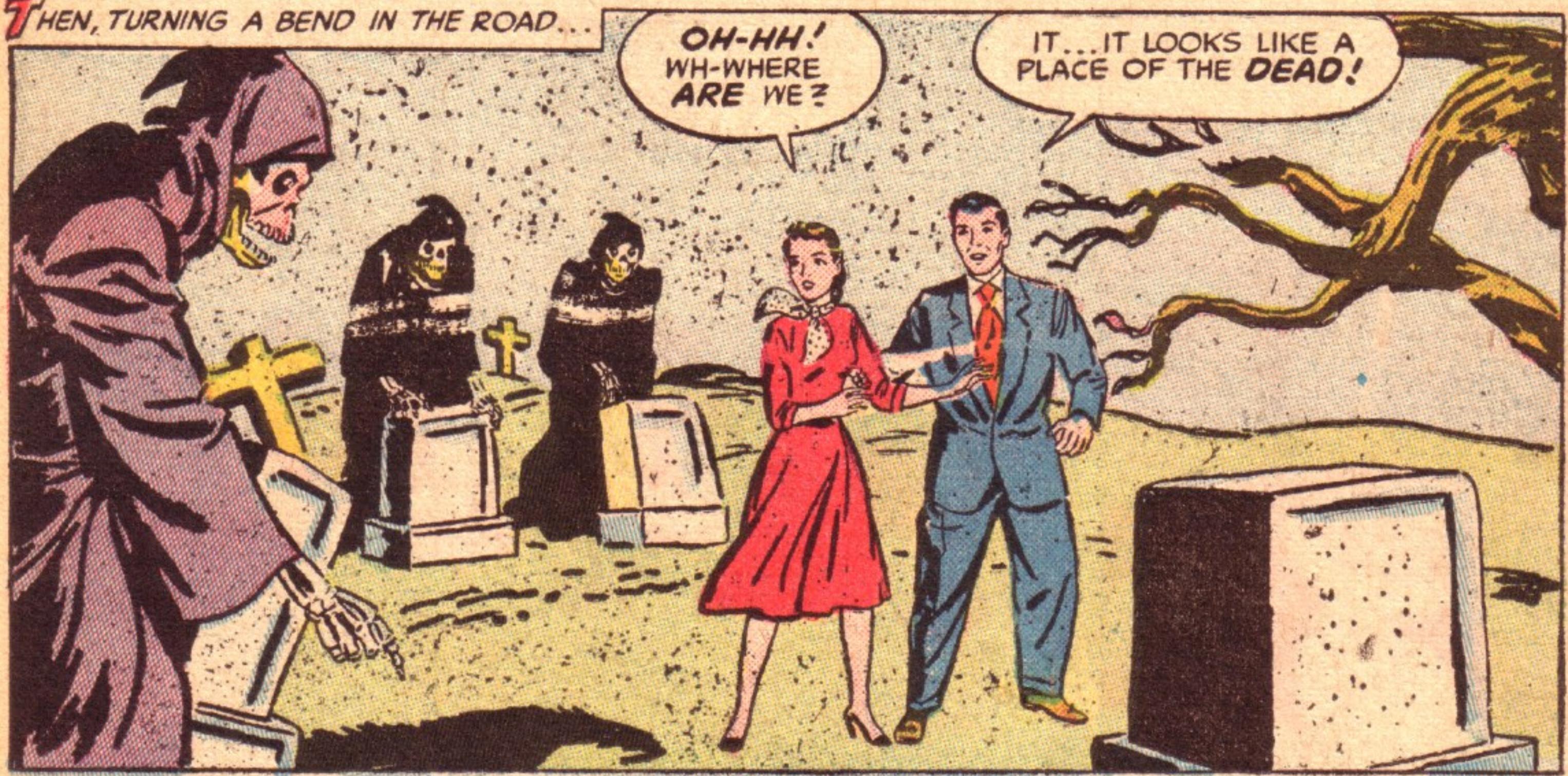


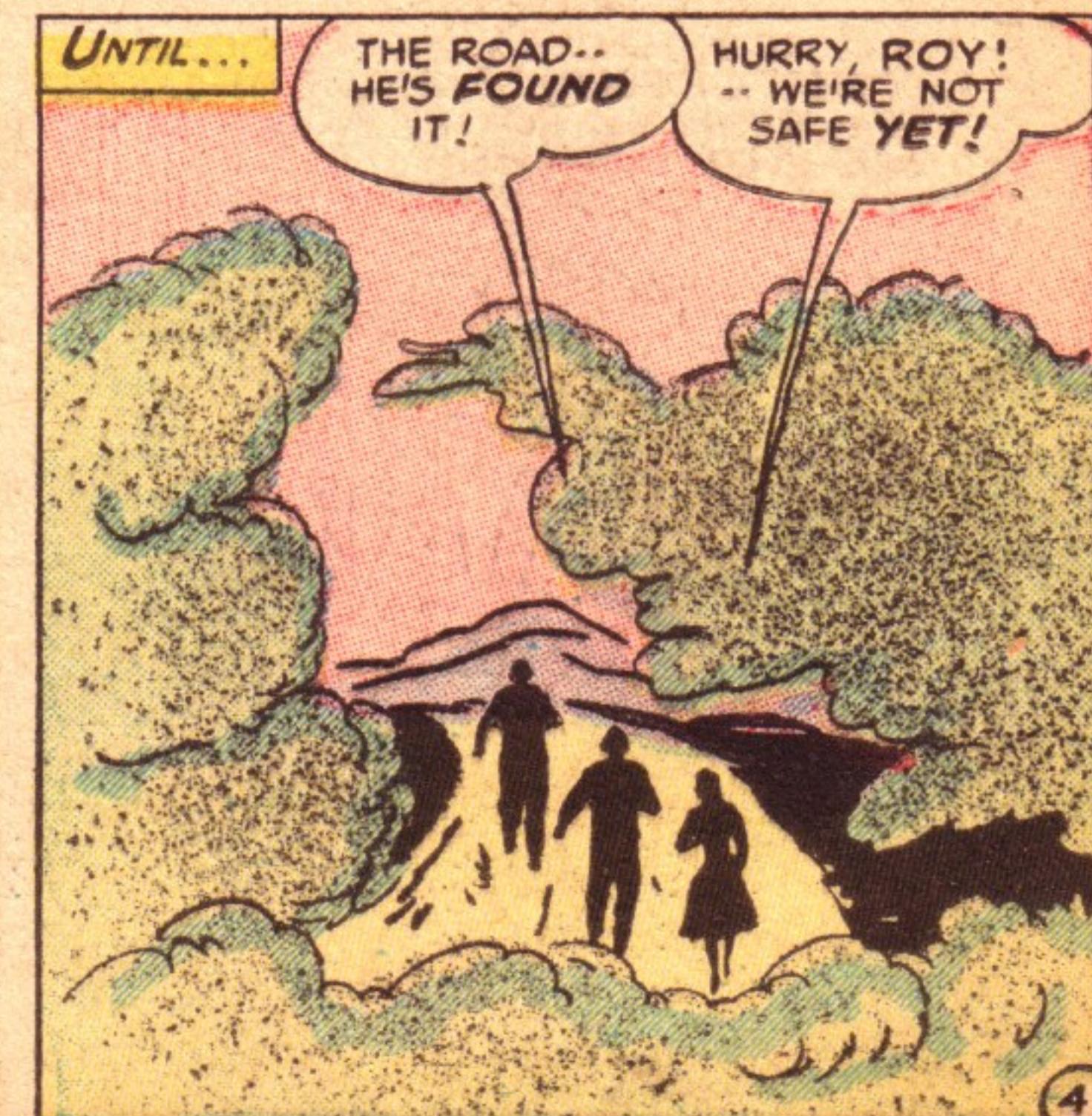
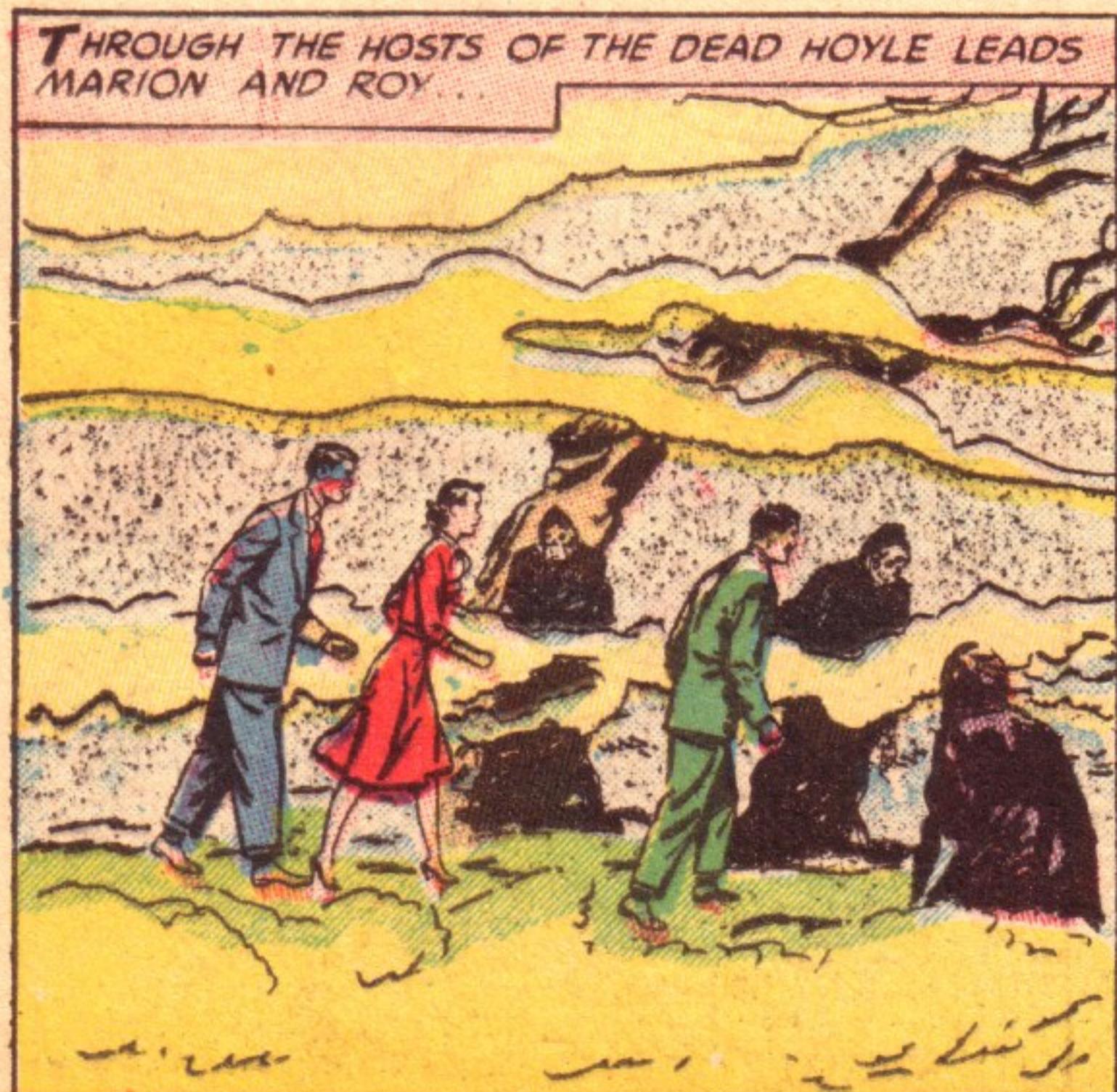
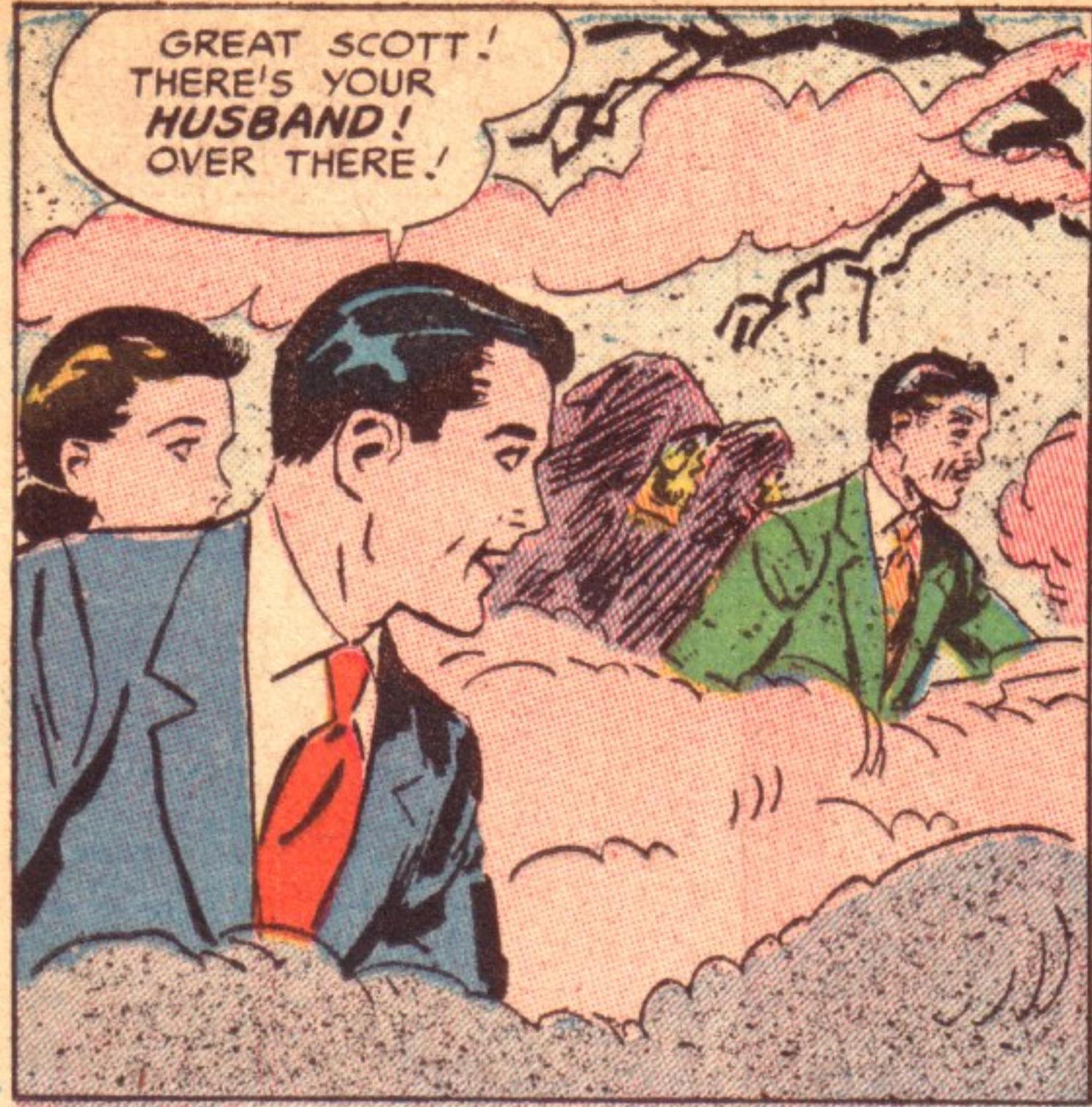
A MOMENT LATER...

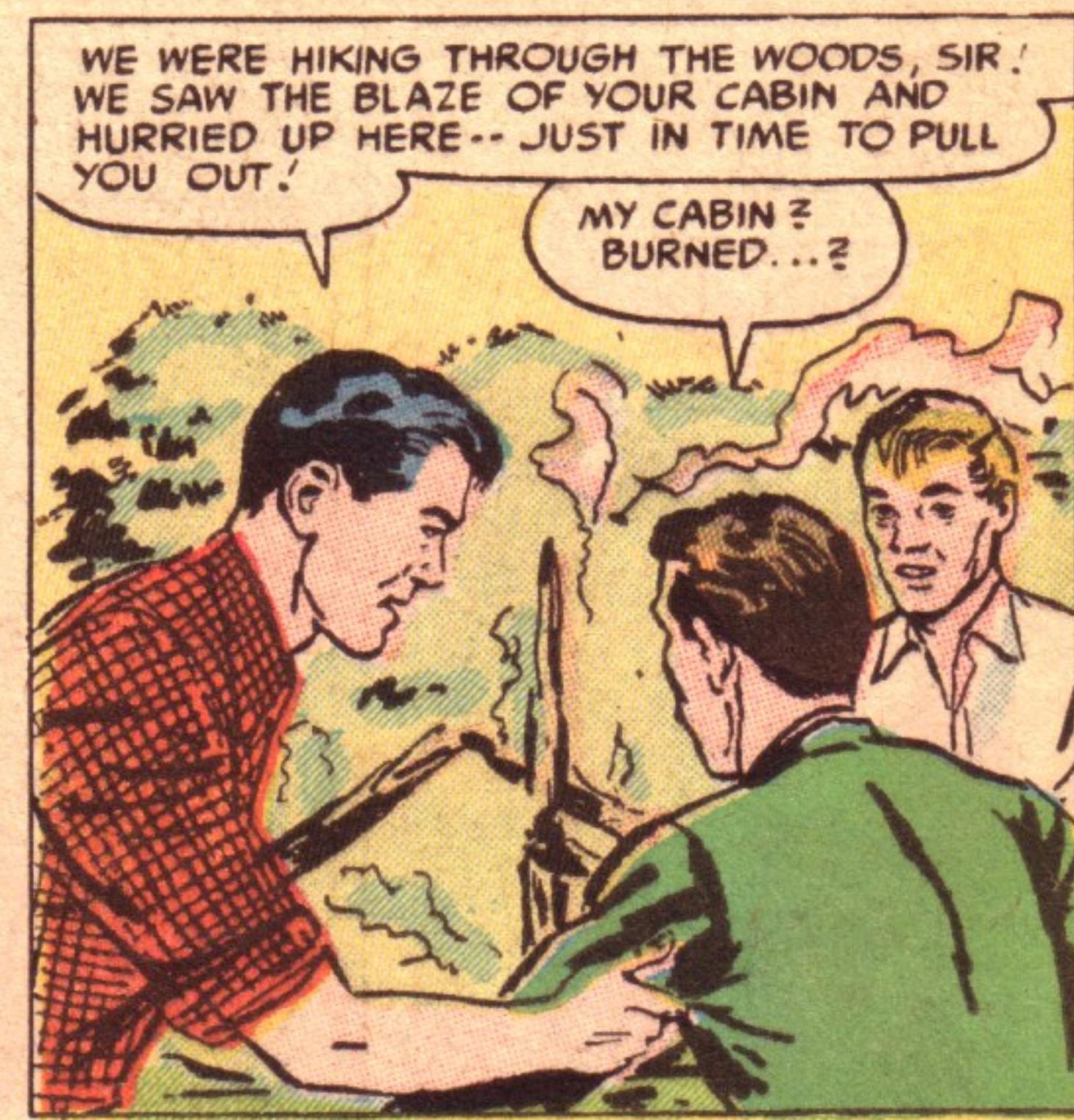




THEN, TURNING A BEND IN THE ROAD...

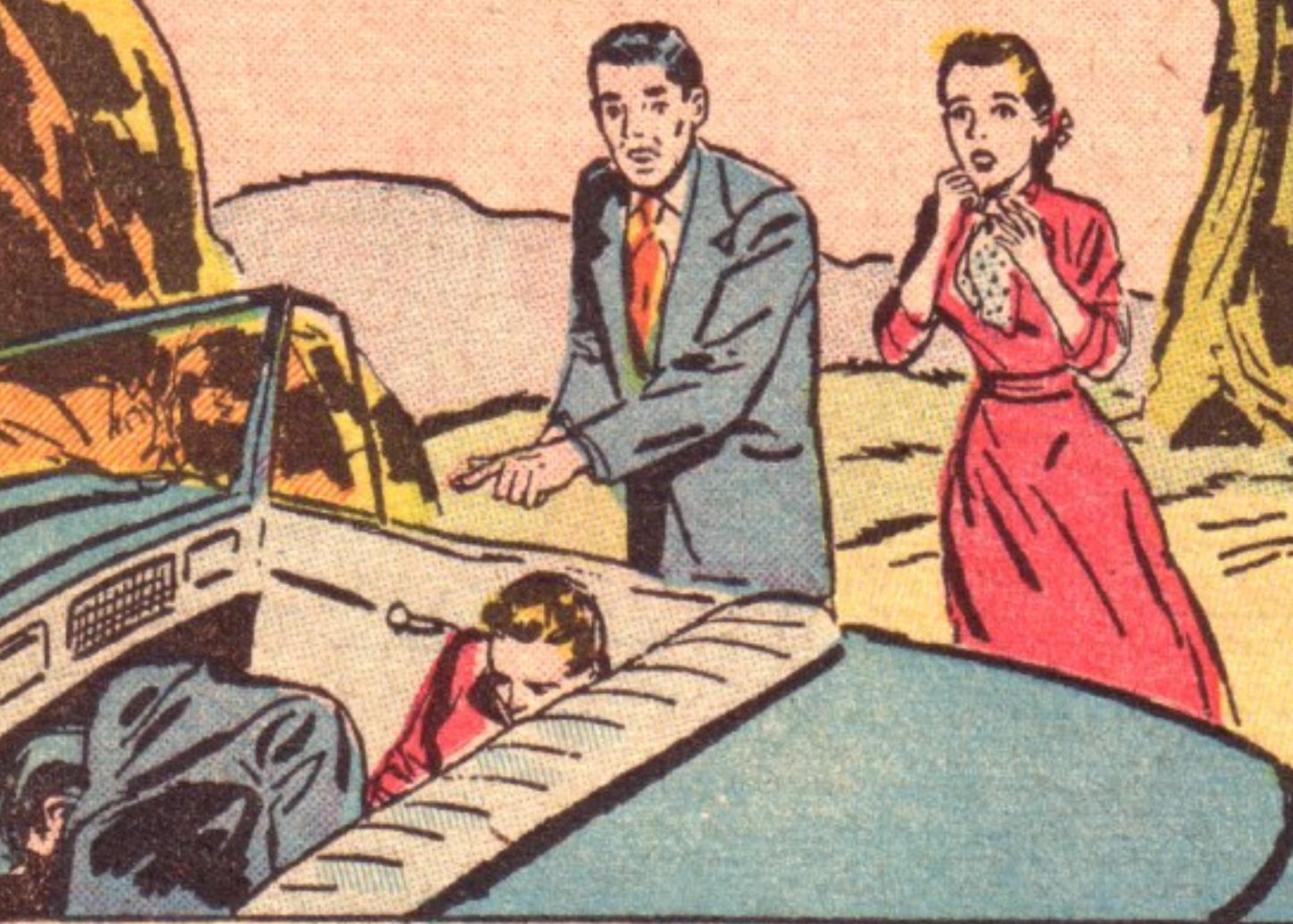






LOOK! IN THE CAR--
OUR BODIES!

OH, NO, NO...
IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!



YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE US,
TOO! DO YOU HEAR--
YOU'VE GOT TO
SAVE US!

IT'S NO USE, MARION--THEY
CAN'T SEE US OR HEAR US!
DON'T YOU **UNDERSTAND**?

YOU SEE?
THEY'RE
COMING
FOR US!

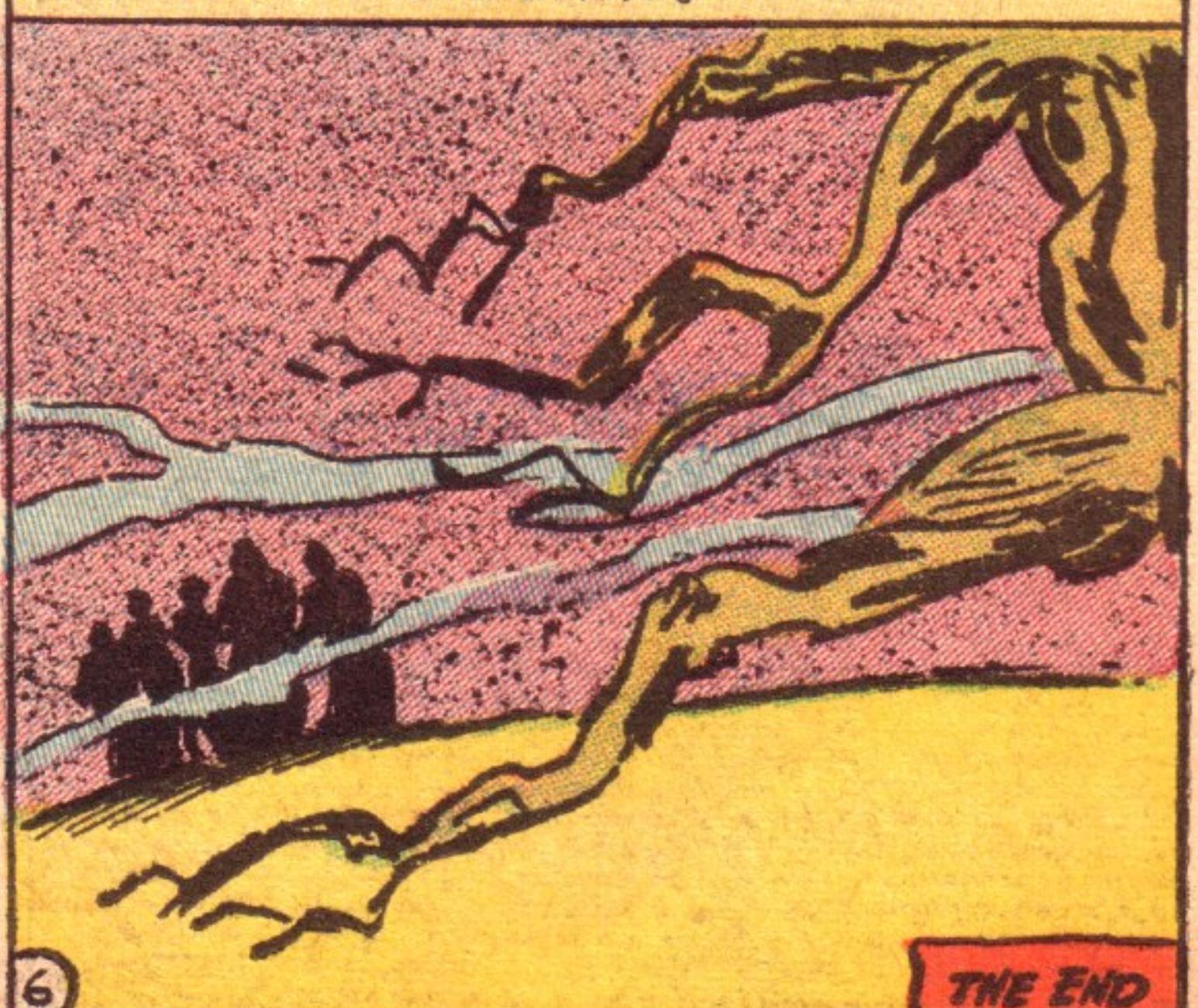
NO...
NO!

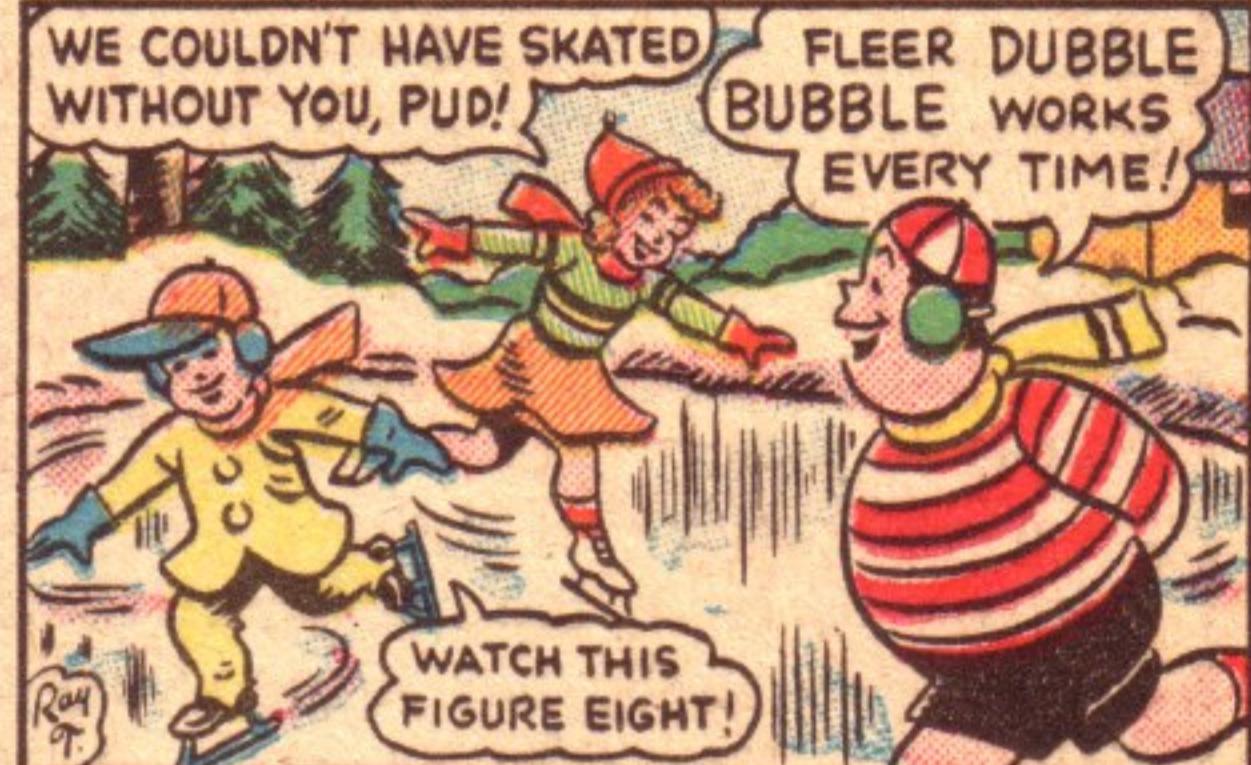
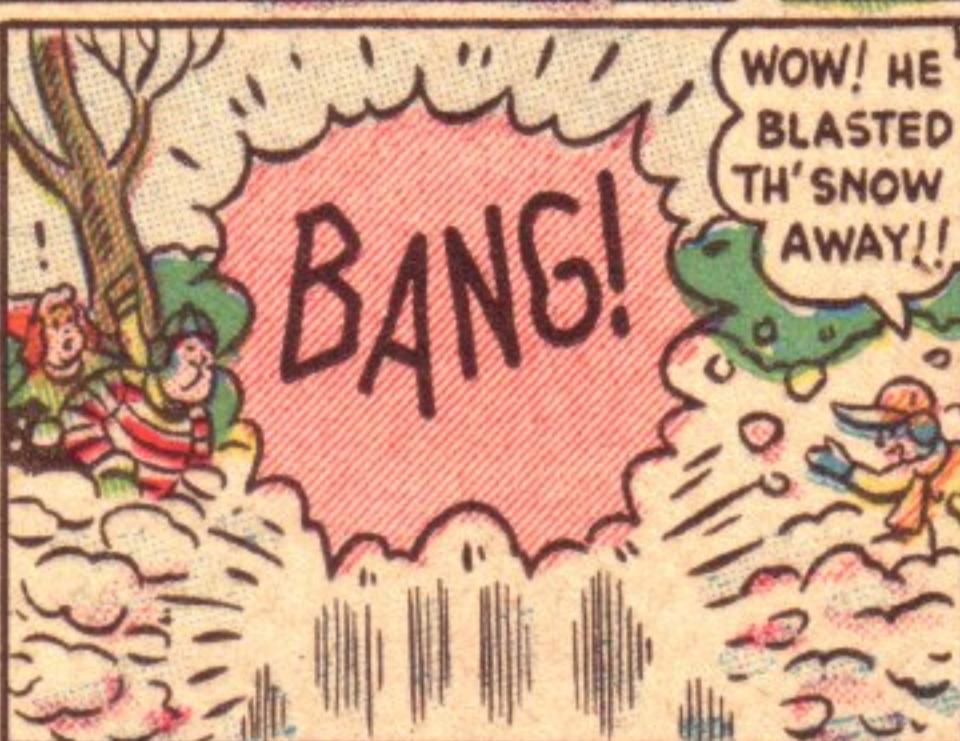
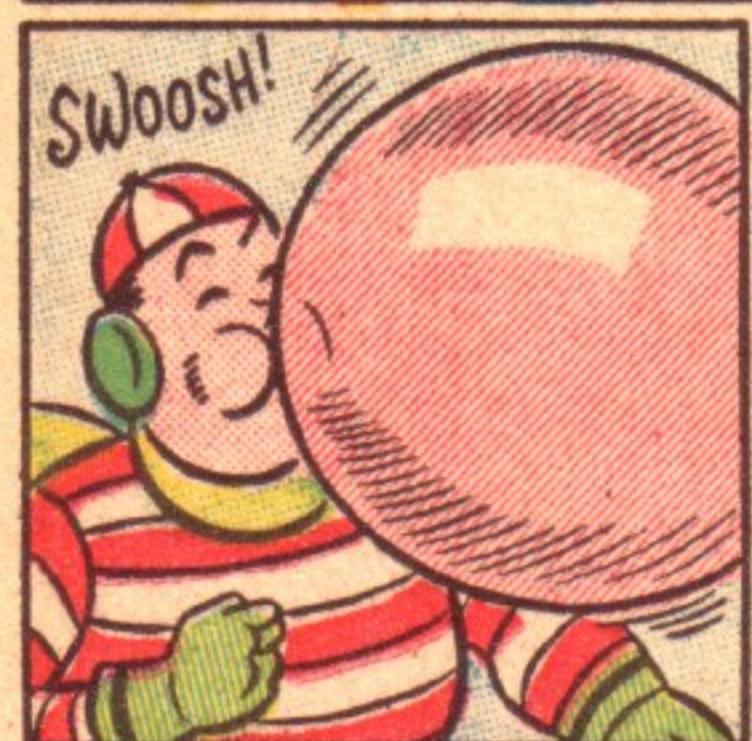
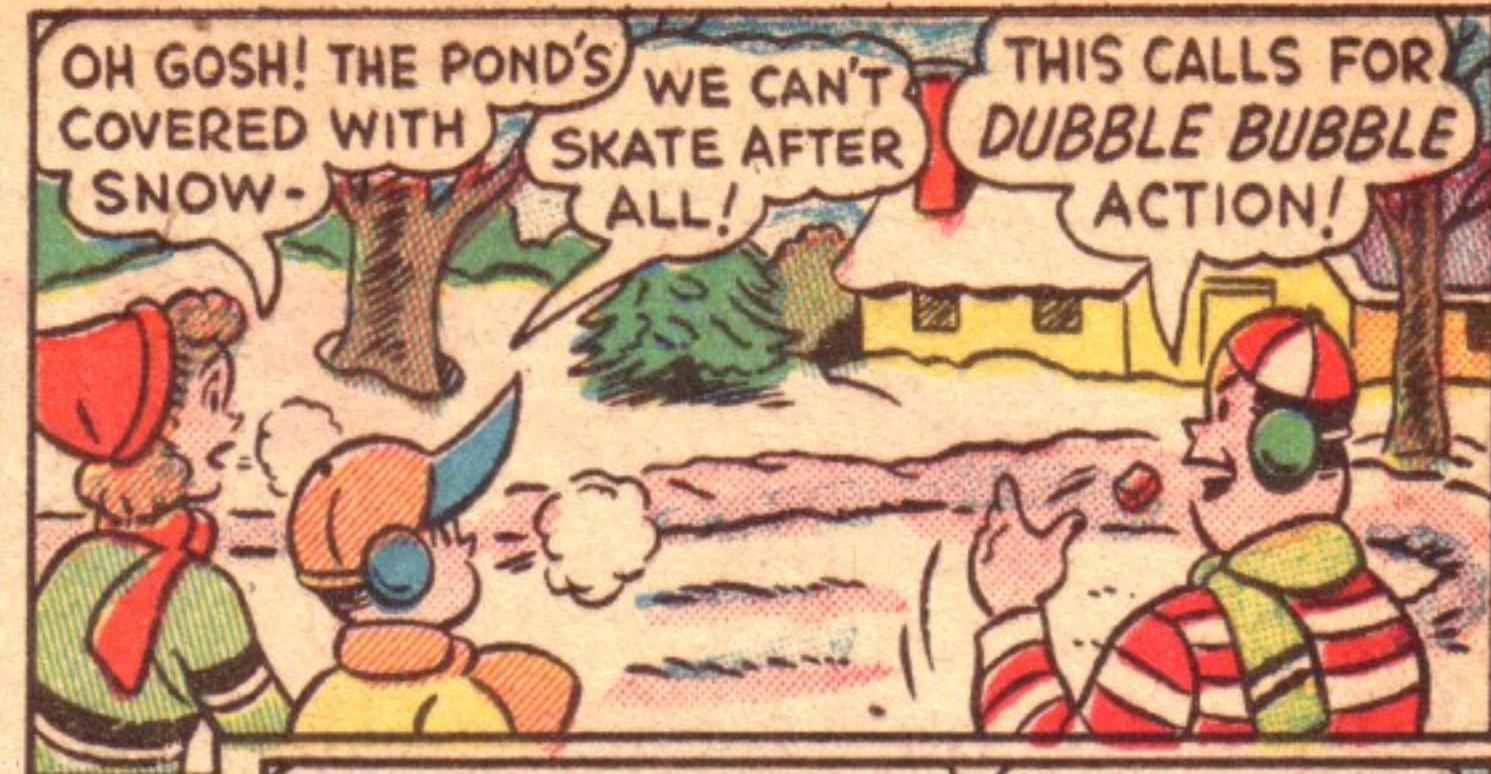


HELP!
HELP!

WE'VE GOT TO GO WITH
THEM, MARION! WE BELONG
WITH THEM--BECAUSE WE
ARE DEAD!

AND SO ONCE AGAIN, MARION AND ROY HASTEN
DOWN THE ROAD FROM WHICH FEW RETURN...
THE ROAD TO DEATH!

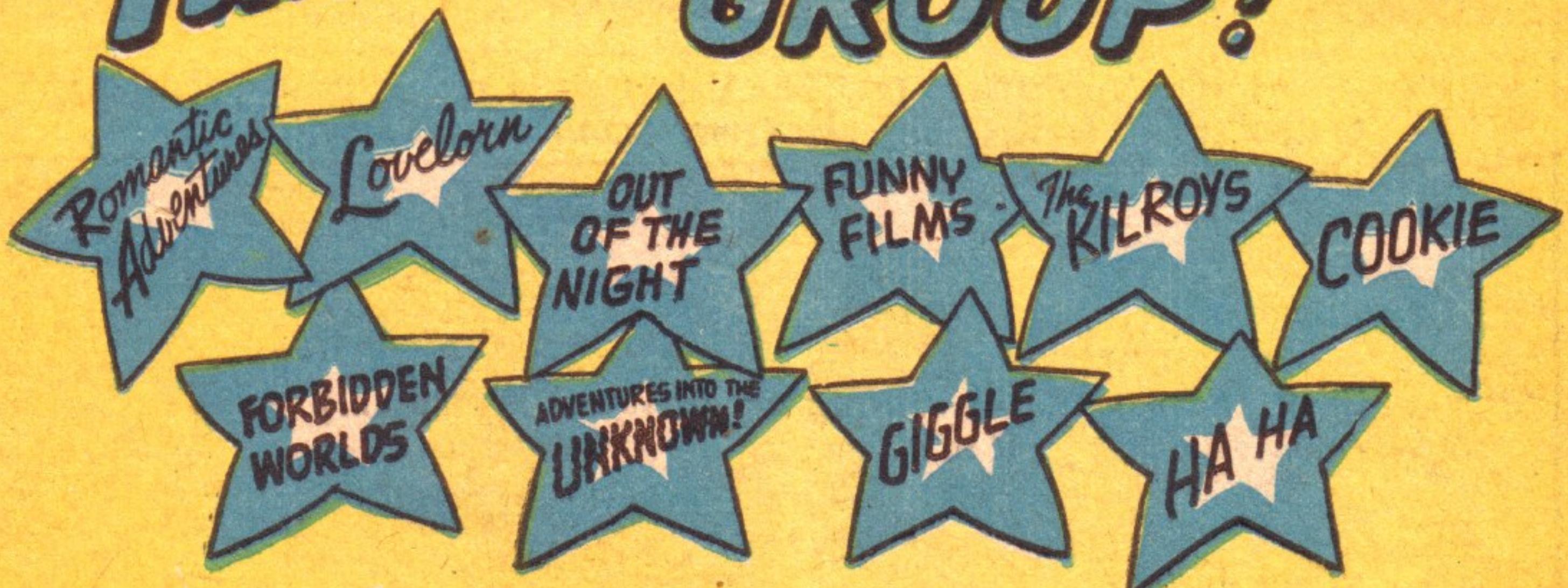




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EDITOR



AS ANY TRUE fan of the supernatural knows, men have long believed in the mysterious power of numbers. "Lucky" seven and "unlucky" thirteen are cases in point. We've got a rather special number we want to talk about this month. You'll find it on the cover of this magazine, and the number is fifty.

In itself, fans, the number fifty doesn't mean very much, but in this case, it's different. For fifty issues we've been bringing you "Adventures Into The Unknown", the oldest supernatural comic book in America. Are we proud? You bet we are!

We get a bit nostalgic in thinking about those long ago days when "Adventures Into The Unknown" was the only supernatural on the stands. Of course, nobody can corner the market on a good idea, and it wasn't long before imitators arrived in droves. Had we started something? Well, it wasn't long before there were more supernatural comic books than any other type.

Despite the intense competition, our circulation has grown by leaps and bounds down the years, which means that we've

got a pretty wonderful gang of loyal fans. We're taking this opportunity to thank all of you from the bottom of our hearts.

We've arranged a special treat to celebrate this anniversary issue. In "Vampire Spider" you'll find a spine-tingling yarn about an awesome menace sprung from the test tubes of science. "The Labyrinth of Daboor" takes us to the mysterious East for a tale of bloodshed and terror, and vengeance from beyond the grave. We take another kind of journey in "The Road To Death", as eerie and mystifying a journey as you've ever made! We won't say much about "The Impostor!", except to warn you to be prepared for an overwhelming shock! This superlative issue concludes with one of the greatest yarns we've ever published, "I Am A Zombie!" Read it!

We've received countless letters from fans over the years. But have we heard from you? If not, why not drop a line to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And now, let's see what some of our fans are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I like 'Adventures Into The Unknown' so much I've decided to subscribe to it. How about more stories with surprise endings?

--John Serber, Melrose Park, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I am nearly forty years old and enjoy reading greatly. I think 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is swell, and each month I can hardly wait for it to appear.

--Mrs. Hattie Bullitt, Syracuse, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I have been reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown' ever since the first issue, and I think your stories are great.

--Sam Ennis, Milledgeville, Ga."

The IMPOSTOR!



IN A FOREST OUTSIDE A EUROPEAN VILLAGE...

THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR, GILDA! ALL THAT RUBBISH ABOUT THE **VISHNA MONSTER**--SOME HUMAN IN THESE PARTS WHO ASSUMES SUPERNATURAL SHAPE TO **KILL**--IS NOTHING BUT SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! BESIDES, I CAN PROTECT YOU!

I--I KNOW, KARL, BUT THERE'S MORE THAN THAT! WE SHOULDN'T BE ALONE TOGETHER THIS WAY!

SUDDENLY...

KARL, LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMING THIS WAY!

CRUNCH!





THAT I SHALL
MARRIED!
NEVER DO! I
HAVE MY
REASONS--



DON'T BE
SO SURE,
OLD MAN!
NOTHING IS
CERTAIN IN THIS
WORLD! **NOTHING
AT ALL!**



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN
YOUR TROUBLES! NOW
REMOVE YOUR HANDS
BEFORE I FORGET WHO
YOU ARE AND LOSE **MY
TEMPER!**



HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS, KARL?
THE VISHNA MONSTER HAS
CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM! I TELL
YOU, THE VILLAGE WILL NEVER BE
SAFE AS LONG AS THIS HUMAN
FIEND CAN ASSUME SUPER-
NATURAL FORM AND STRIKE!

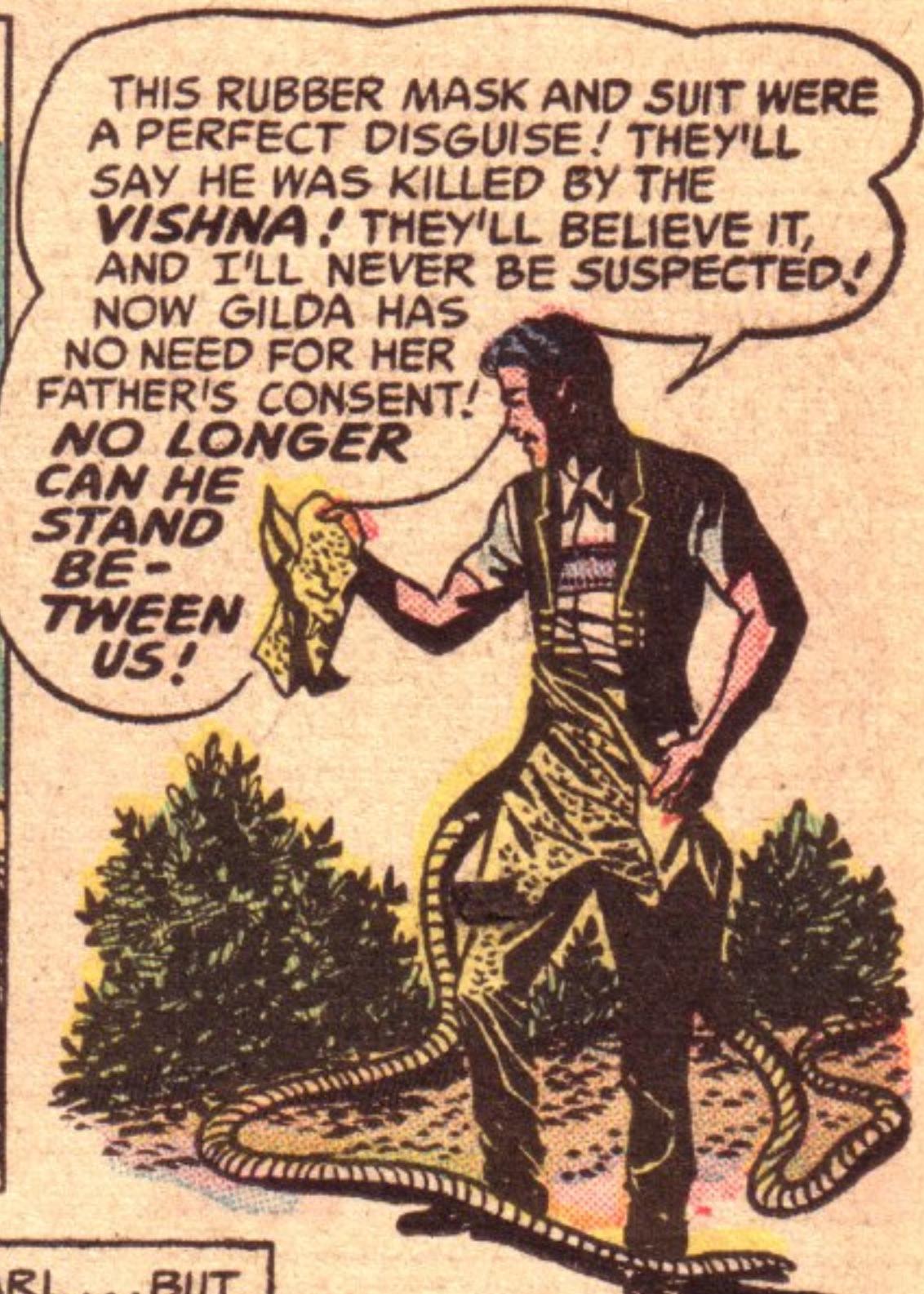
RUBBISH!
EVERY
TIME
SOME-
ONE IS
FOUND
DEAD,
THEY SAY
IT'S THE
WORK OF
THE VISHNA!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...IN A LONELY AREA...

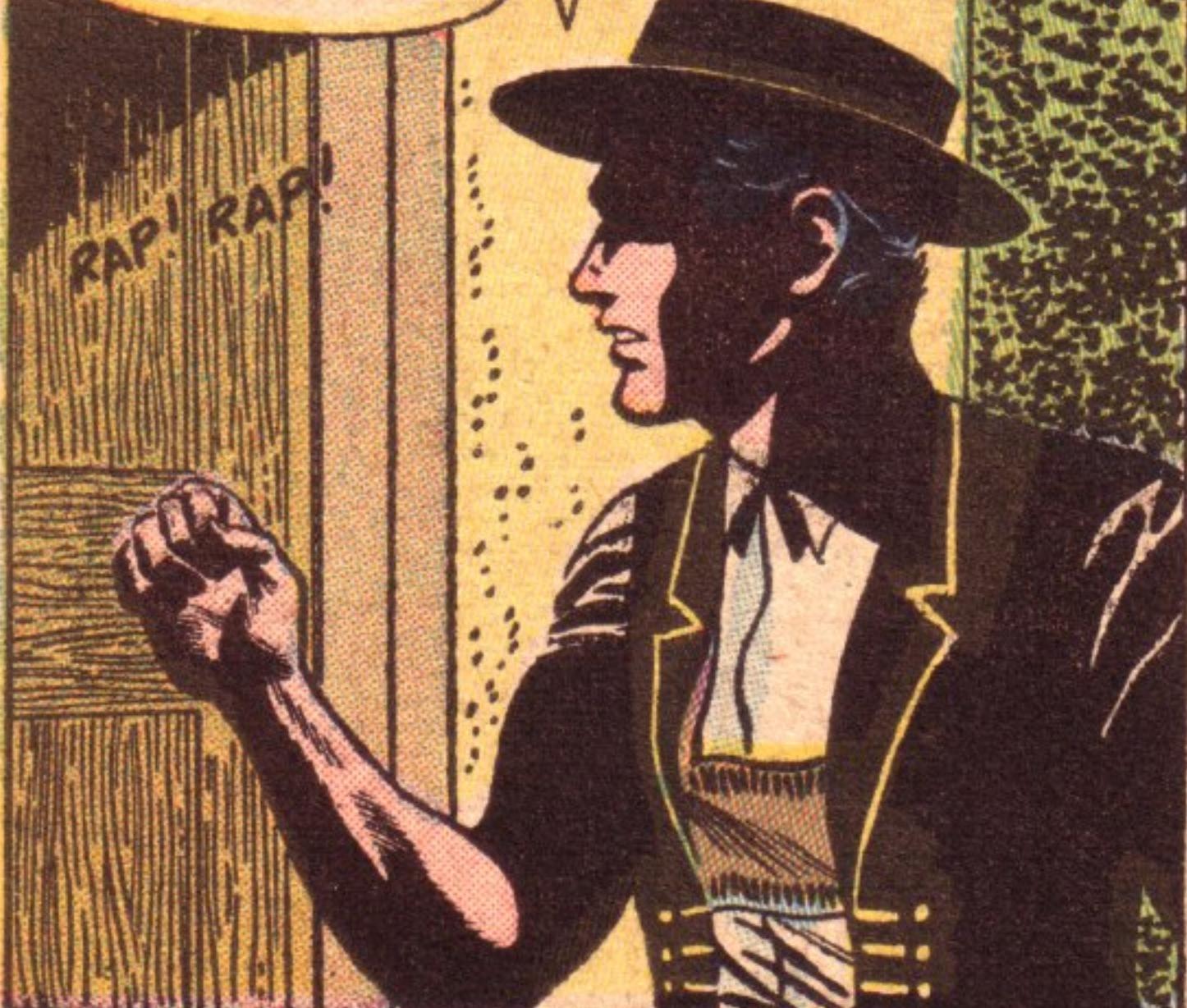


QUICKLY, THE MONSTER STRIKES...



ONE EVENING, SHORTLY AFTER THE SLAYING...

IT IS I, GILDA... **KARL!** YOU CAN'T SHUT
YOURSELF IN THIS WAY! OPEN THE DOOR...
PLEASE!



IT IS YOU, KARL...BUT
I CAN'T SEE YOU! I
CAN'T SEE ANYONE!



THAT'S WHY I HAD TO SEE YOU -- TO TALK ABOUT OUR FUTURE PLANS! YOU WON'T BE ALONE, GILDA! I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU! WE'LL GET MARRIED--SOON!

BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU, TOO! YOU'VE GOT TO **FORGET** THE PAST! HE'S DEAD, LIKE THE OTHERS! KILLED BY THAT **CURSED MONSTER!**

BUT **HE'S DEAD**, KARL! THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY UNDERSTOOD ME!

NO, KARL! IT **WASN'T** LIKE THE OTHERS!

NOT LIKE THE OTHERS? WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**, GILDA? EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS THE **VISHNA**! THE WHOLE VILLAGE SAYS SO!

WHAT THE VILLAGERS SAY DOESN'T INTEREST ME!



YOU HATED HIM, KARL! YOU THOUGHT HE STOOD BETWEEN US! YOU ARGUED WITH HIM THAT NIGHT! I KNOW ALL THAT PASSED!

YOU KNOW **NOTHING**! YOU'RE UPSET AND DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



HE WAS KILLED BY THE **VISHNA MONSTER**-- THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT WAS THE MONSTER, DO YOU HEAR? **THE MONSTER!**

NO, KARL! IT **WASN'T**!



HOW COULD YOU BE SURE? HOW CAN -- N-NO! **NO!**

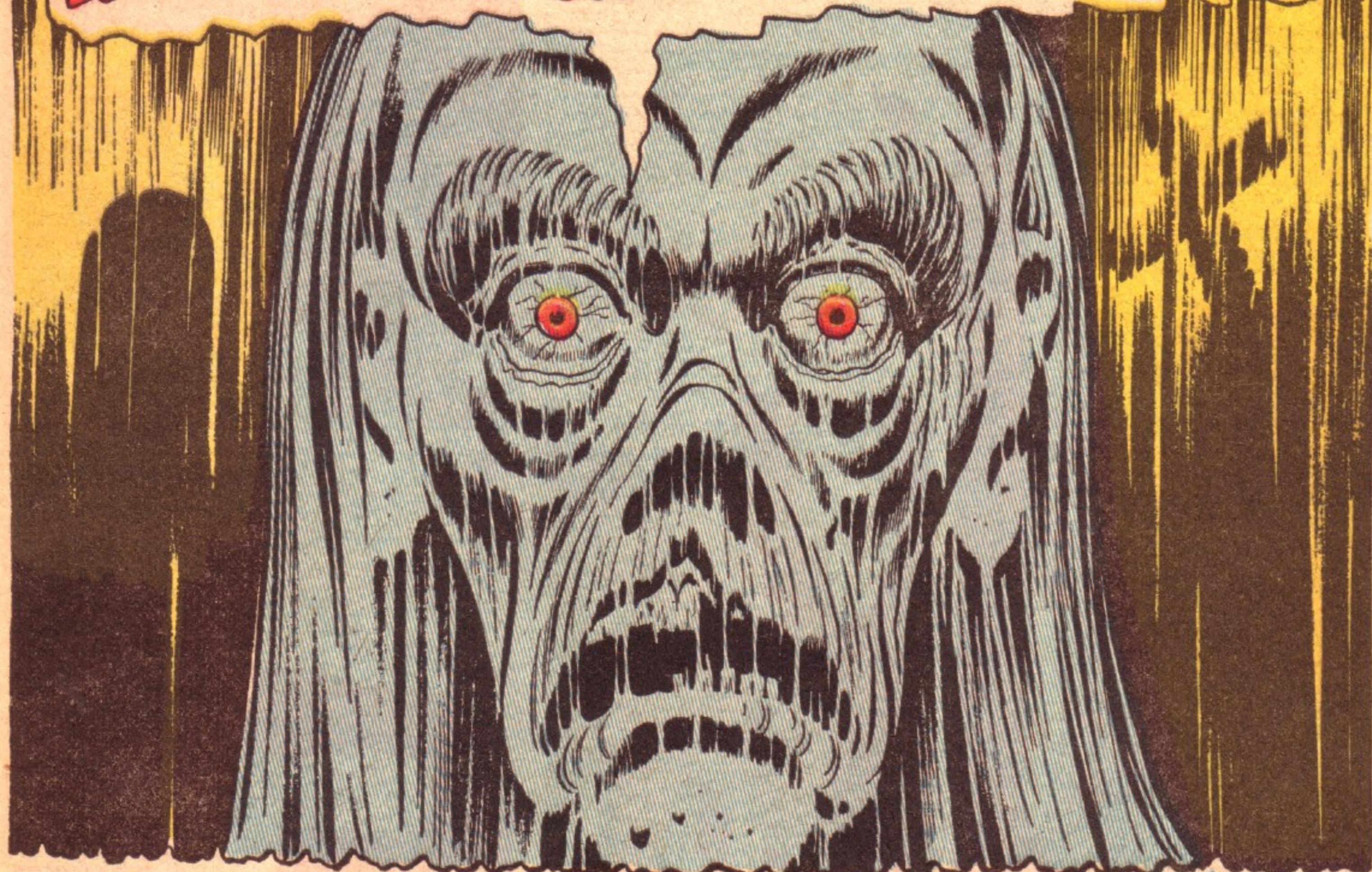


BECAUSE I AM **VISHNA**!



I AM CALLED... **MORTO!** IN THE ZOMBIE HORDE TO WHICH I AM DOOMED FOR ALL ETERNITY, I AM AS YET A NOVICE... MY TASKS ARE THE MOST MENIAL AND GRISLY WHICH CAN BE FOUND! THOUGH I LOATHE WHAT I AM AND WHAT I MUST DO, I CANNOT REBEL, FOR I HAVE **NO WILL!** I CAN ONLY OBEY, FOR...

I AM ZOMBIE!



WITH EACH MIDNIGHT, I RISE FROM MY LONELY GRAVE...

...TO JOIN MY ZOMBIE BROTHERS BEFORE THE THRONE OF THE **MASTER!**

HEAR ME, DOOMED ONES! EACH OF YOU WILL NOW LEARN YOUR DUTIES FOR THE NIGHT!

AT LAST, MY TURN...

YOUR TASK IS SIMPLE, **MORTO!** NOT FAR FROM HERE, ON THE EDGE OF THE BAYOU, LIVES A YOUNG, CONNIVING WOMAN! IN RETURN FOR A CERTAIN POTION WHICH WOULD WIN HER LOVER, SHE WAS TO DELIVER TO ME JEWELS AND GOLD! SHE HAS BROKEN THE PACT... THEREFORE, SHE MUST PAY THE PENALTY!



FOR A MOMENT...SOMETHING IN ME HESITATED! THEN, THE STERN COMMAND...

OBEY ME,
MORTO...
GO!

I OBEY...
MASTER...

AND SO I WENT--PLODDING THROUGH THE DANK, SILENT SWAMPS--A THING OF HORROR EVEN TO THE ANIMALS WHICH SCURRIED, TERRIFIED, OUT OF MY PATH!

AT A LONELY SHACK ON THE EDGE OF THE BAYOU...

SHE IS...SO YOUNG...SO BEAUTIFUL! BUT I MUST... OBEY THE MASTER...

SILENTLY, I ENTERED! AT THE SUDDEN SIGHT OF ME, HER PRETTY FACE BECAME A MASK OF FEAR AND HORROR...SOMETHING I HAVE COME TO KNOW SO WELL...

COME! THE MASTER HAS SENT ME!

NO...PLEASE!
I'LL PAY THE JEWELS AND GOLD...BUT I MUST HAVE TIME!

I WANTED TO HELP HER...BUT HOW COULD I, WITHOUT WILL?

COME!

OH-HH!

WHAM!

WHEN I HAD CARRIED MY UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN BACK TO THE HORDE...

WELL DONE, MORTO!
REVIVE HER, AND THEN---THE RITES!

HOW WELL I KNEW THEM, THOSE UNHOLY RITES
---WHEN THE MASTER CLAIMED A NEW VICTIM!
WHEN THE POTION HAD BEEN PREPARED---

DRINK IT, MY BEAUTY---DRINK!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!



BUT WHAT WAS HER PUNY STRENGTH AGAINST OURS?

AAGH!
IT BURNS
... LIKE
FIRE!

THE PRICE
... IS PAID!

YOU ARE ONE OF US
NOW... A ZOMBIE!
YOU CAN ONLY
OBEY MY EVERY
WISH!

I OBEY...
MASTER...



ONCE LIFE WAS VERY DIFFERENT FOR
ME! YOU SEE, I WAS A MILLIONAIRE,
HAVING MADE MY FORTUNE IN OIL PROS-
PECTING! IN MY NEW YORK OFFICES...

MY METHODS WERE
HARD... I GAVE NO
QUARTER AND I ASKED
NONE! PITY WAS UNKNOWN
TO ME... THEN!

THE FOREMAN OF THE LOUISIANA
SECTION IS HERE TO SEE YOU,
SIR!

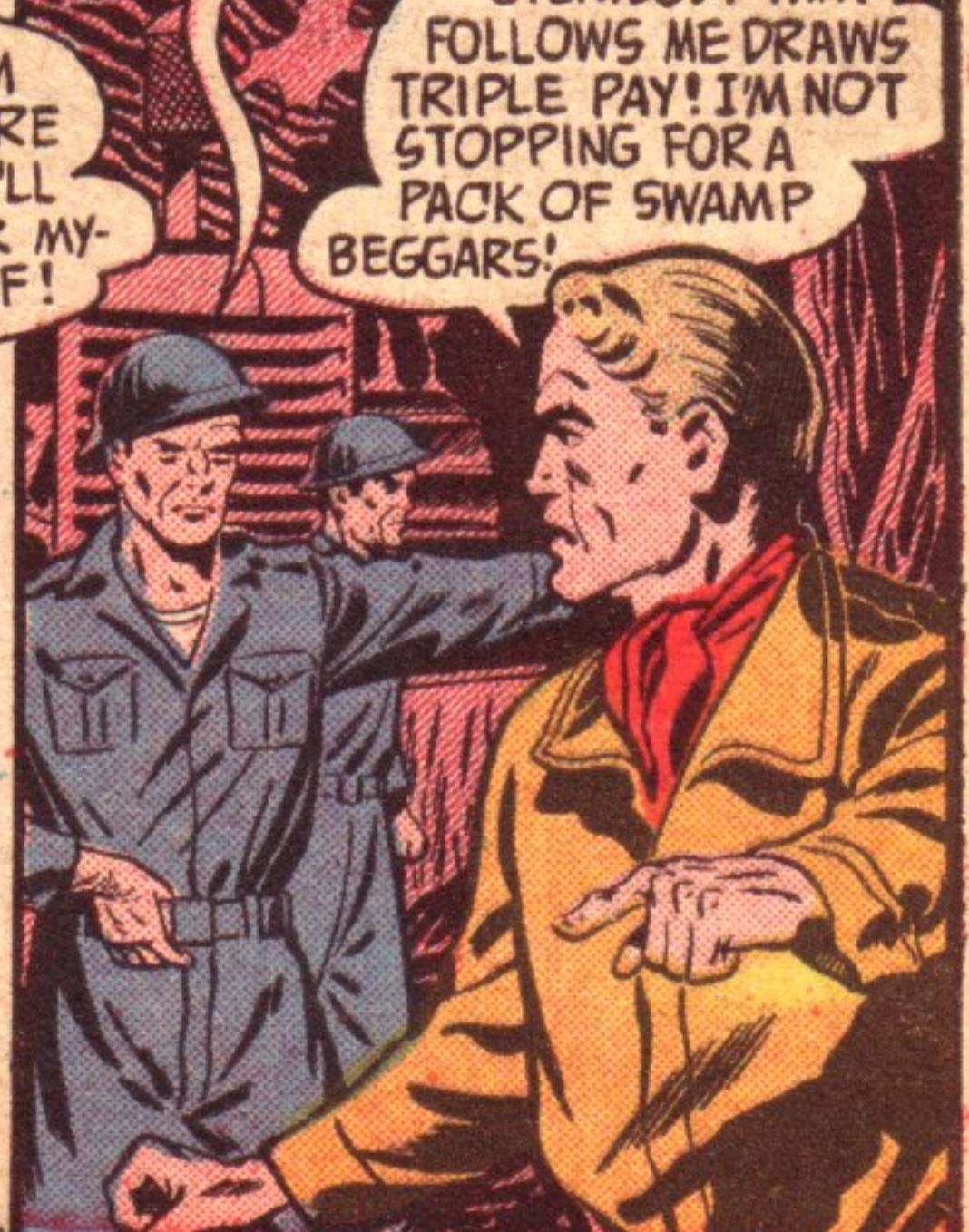
HERE? BUT HE
SHOULD BE DOWN
THERE SUPERVISING
THE WORK! SHOW
HIM IN!

I KNOW WE'VE GOT THE LEGAL
RIGHTS TO THE AREA, MR. HANKS
---BUT THE FOLKS WHO LIVE IN
THE BAYOU WON'T GET OUT PEACE-
ABLY! THEY'VE LIVED THERE FOR
GENERATIONS... AND THEY'RE DE-
FENDING THEIR HOMES
WITH GUNS!

THEN WE'LL DRIVE THEM
OUT WITH GUNS! YOU'RE
FIRED, CALHOUN---I'LL
TAKE OVER MY-
SELF!

IN THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS WHERE MY
PROSPECTORS HAD FOUND OIL...

WE CAN'T PUSH AHEAD, SIR...
EVERY TIME WE PASS OUT
RIFLES AND
ADVANCE WE DRAW
PISTOLS! WE'RE
GOING IN... AND
EVERYBODY THAT
FOLLOWS ME DRAWS
TRIPLE PAY! I'M NOT
STOPPING FOR A
PACK OF SWAMP
BEGGARS!





AS I FIGURED, THE BAYOU WAS SOON CLEARED OUT! AS THE WORK BEGAN...

THE SWAMP'S AS QUIET AS A TOMB, BOSS! NOT A SOUL IN IT, EXCEPT FOR SOME OLD WOMAN LIVING IN A SHACK BY HERSELF! NO SENSE DRIVIN' HER OFF BECAUSE WE WON'T BE WORKIN' ANYWHERE NEAR WHERE SHE LIVES!

THAT'S NOT THE POINT! IF WE GIVE IN ANYWHERE, EVERYBODY WE DROVE OUT WILL START COMING BACK! I'LL GET HER OFF MYSELF---OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!

THE OLD WOMAN, CALLED MOTHER HARANA, LIVED IN A REMOTE SPOT...

EITHER YOU BEAT IT PRACTICALLY OR YOU'LL BE DYING A LOT SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT!

DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF WITH ME. RASH ONE---THE SPIRITS TELL ME I HAVE NOT MUCH LONGER TO LIVE! MY WISH IS TO DIE HERE, WHERE I WAS BORN!



THEREFORE, GO... AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE!

I'M NOT TELLING YOU AGAIN, YOU OLD HAG! EITHER YOU GET OUT OR I'LL THROW YOU OUT!

SUDDENLY SHE SPRANG UP, HER ARMS RAISED IN A WEIRD INCANTATION...

O, SPIRITS OF THE BURNING DEEPS! HEAR MY...

NO YOU DON'T, GRANDMA! YOU'RE GOING OUT!

STOP FIGHTING, YOU WITCH! I'VE GOT A MIND TO PITCH YOU INTO THE SWAMP!

UNHAND ME, FOOL! MY HEART--- AGH!



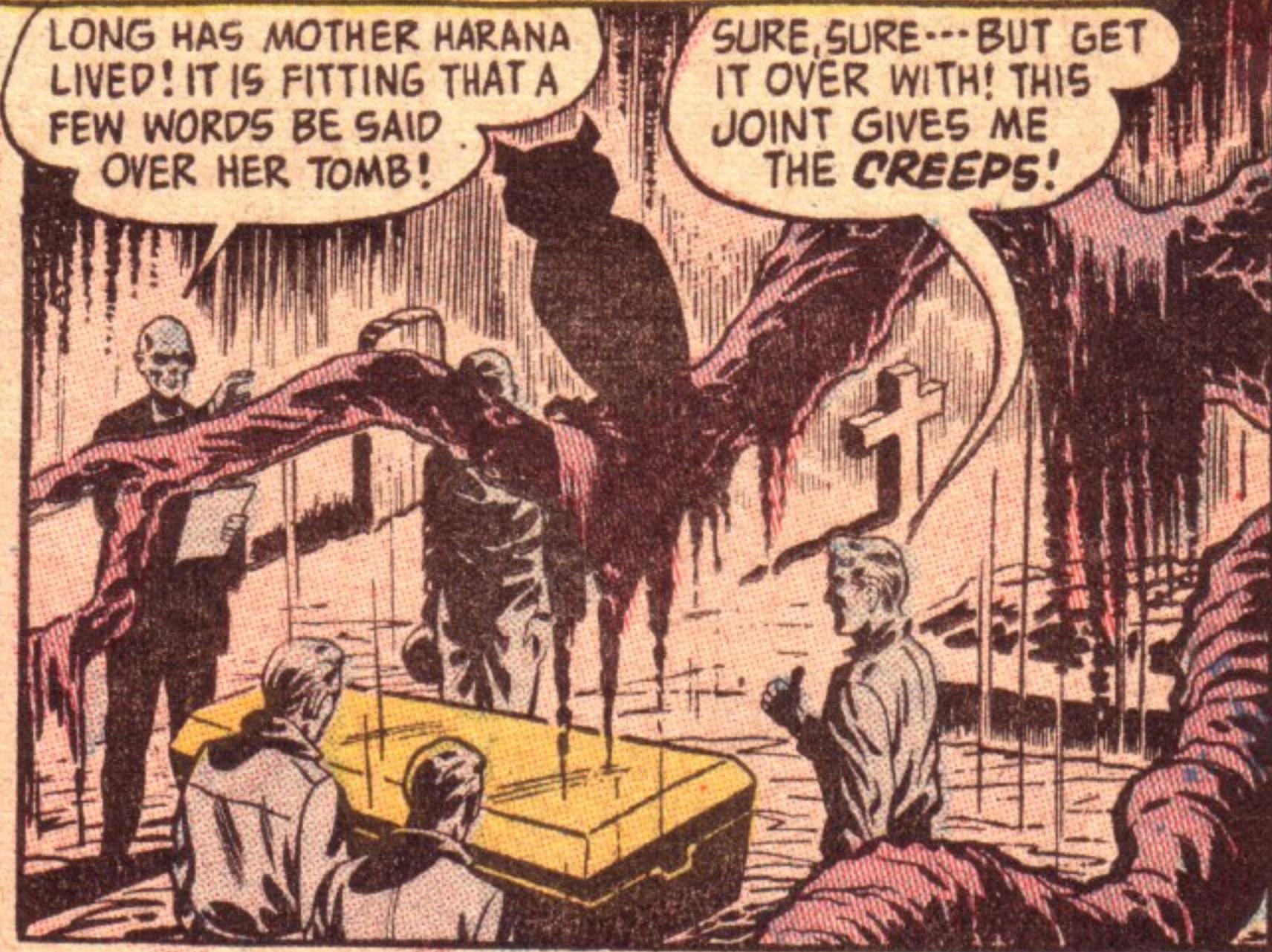
THREE WAS A HIDEOUS RATTLE IN HER THROAT
---AND HER STRUGGLES ABRUPTLY CEASED!

HOLY SMOKE! SHE'S **DEAD!**
WELL, SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T
HAVE MUCH LONGER ANYHOW
---BUT I-I'LL SEE TO IT SHE
GETS A DECENT BURIAL!

AT AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN THE HEART OF THE BAYOU...

LONG HAS MOTHER HARANA
LIVED! IT IS FITTING THAT A
FEW WORDS BE SAID
OVER HER TOMB!

SURE, SURE---BUT GET
IT OVER WITH! THIS
JOINT GIVES ME
THE **CREEPS!**



**WE SLEPT IN THE
OPEN THAT NIGHT,
RIGHT ON THE EDGE
OF THE BAYOU! FUNNY,
IT WAS CALLED **DEATH
WAIL BAYOU**...**

AND THE WHOLE
AREA WAS BEGIN-
NING TO WEAR ON
MY NERVES...

I ... CAN'T SLEEP! MAYBE IT WAS
THAT GRAVEYARD ... I CAN'T GET
IT OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT
A HORRIBLE PLACE...

JUST AS I DOZED OFF,
THERE WAS A MANIACAL
SHRIEK OF TERROR!

LOOK! LOOK!
IT'S ... IT'S ...



NEXT MOMENT, A SOUL-
CHILLING SIGHT! WE
WERE SURROUNDED...
BY WALKING DEAD
MEN!

SEIZE
THEM!

GRAB YOUR
GUNS, MEN!
FIGHT 'EM
OFF!



BUT WHAT GOOD WERE WEAPONS... AGAINST THE
DEAD?

PUT ME
DOWN!
HELP!

BULLETS DON'T
STOP 'EM! WE'RE
DONE FOR!



GRISLY ARMS SEIZED US...AND THEN...

FOOLS, YOU ALL DESERVE DEATH! BUT I SHALL SPARE YOU! GO AND SAY THAT THERE IS NO OIL HERE...SO THAT WE MAY BE LEFT IN PEACE! SPEAK NO WORD OF WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT...FOR HE WHO DOES WILL DIE...NO MATTER WHERE HE IS! UNHAND THEM, MY SLAVES!



TO THE GRAVEYARD WITH HIM! AND THEN ... THE RITES!

NO! NO! DON'T TAKE ME! DON'T!

HERE WE ARE, ROGER HANKS! YOUR NEW HOME... FOR ETERNITY!

NO... SPARE ME!

YOUR PLEAS ARE FUTILE! IT HAS BEEN ORDAINED! LOOK!

MY NAME... ON THE TOMB-STONE!

AND NOW...THE POTION! IT IS AN OLD FORMULA, ROGER HANKS...VERY OLD! AN ADDER'S TONGUE, AN ASP'S FANGS, MANDRAKE ROOT AND BELLADONNA...

IT IS DONE! AND NOW... DRINK!

I WON'T! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!





REMEMBER NOTHING OF THOSE FEW SECONDS ON THE GROUND! THEN, AS SOMETHING STIRRED WITHIN ME, I STRUGGLED TO RISE! THE BEATING OF MY HEART HAD SUBSIDED--IT HAD STOPPED! AND YET--I COULD MOVE!

YOU ARE ONE OF THE UNDEAD, ROGER HANKS--FOREVER! YOU HAVE NO WILL NOW--ONLY MINE! OBEY ME--FOR I AM YOUR MASTER!

I OBEY...
THE...MASTER
...ALWAYS...

WELL I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT--WHEN I BECAME MORTO, A THING WITHOUT BRAIN OR WILL--DOOMED TO OBEY ETERNALLY! AT LAST, AS IN ALL THE TWENTY YEARS SINCE, A COCK CROWED--BRINGING THE NIGHT OF HORROR TO AN END...

HARK! DAWN COMES! BACK...
ALL OF YOU--TO YOUR GRAVES!

THIS IS YOUR FATE--FOR OPPOSING ME!
DESCEND!

I OBEY, MOTHER HARANA--
MASTER...

THIS IS MY HOME--THIS PLOT OF WET CLAY--UNTIL NIGHT COMES, WHEN I MUST PERFORM MY GRISLY AND HATEFUL TASKS AGAIN! FOR A FEW HOURS I MAY REST, BUT WITH THE COMING OF MIDNIGHT, ARISE I MUST, FOR--
I AM A ZOMBIE!

THE END!

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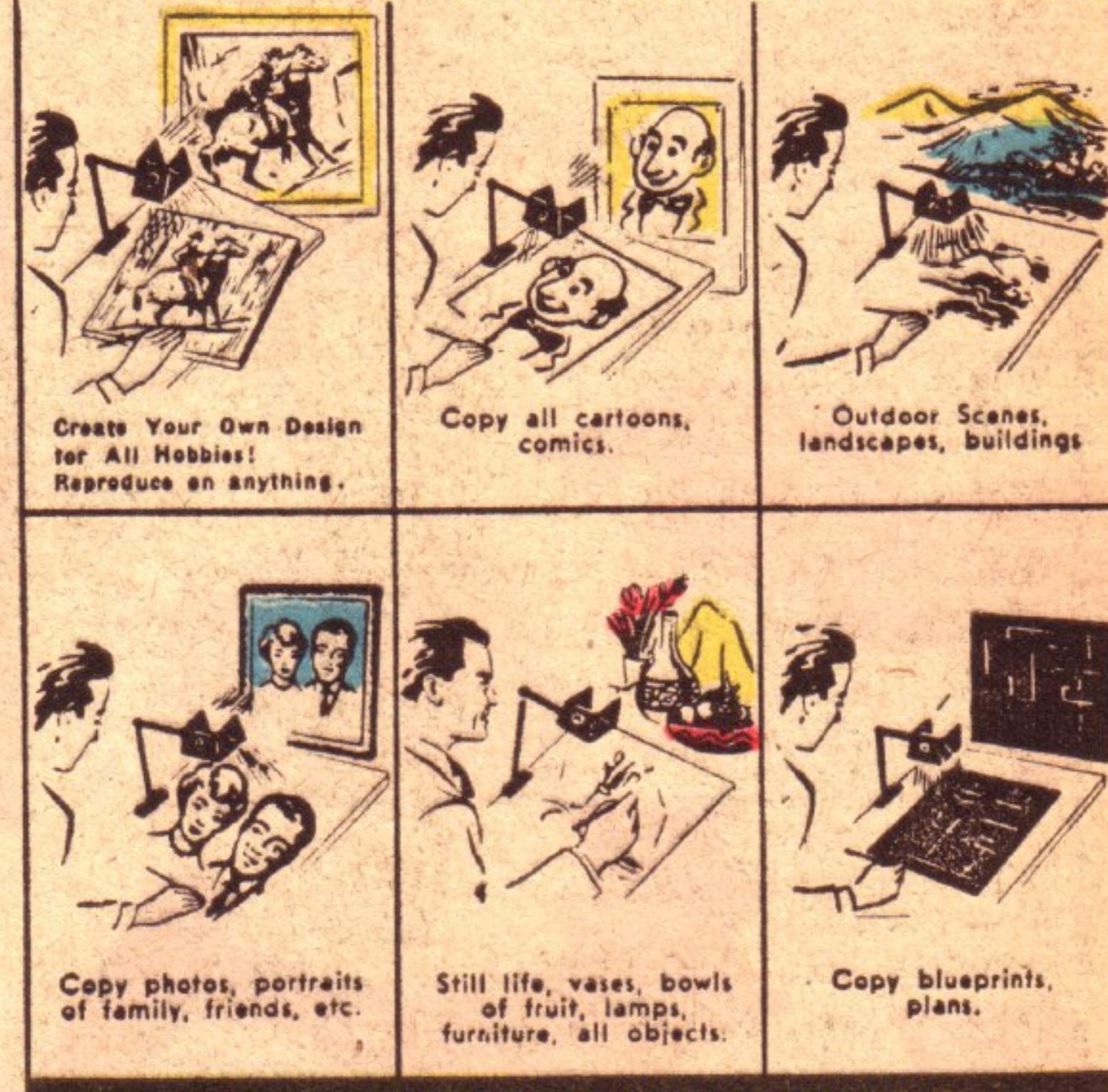
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the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

CLEVELAND
BEFORE
90 lb.
Skeleton

GLEASON
CLEVELAND
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160 lbs. of
Muscle

Now wouldn't YOU
Like To Have A New
Body Like Mine? I added

7 INCHES to my CHEST
3 1/2 INCHES to each ARM
and to the rest of my
body in proportion as
YOU can

Yours *John Sill*
UTAH

Let's go, young fellow,
Now YOU give me
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME**
LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID
and I'll give YOU a New
HE-MAN BODY as I gave
MANY Thousands like You

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are. I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
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SAVE YEARS
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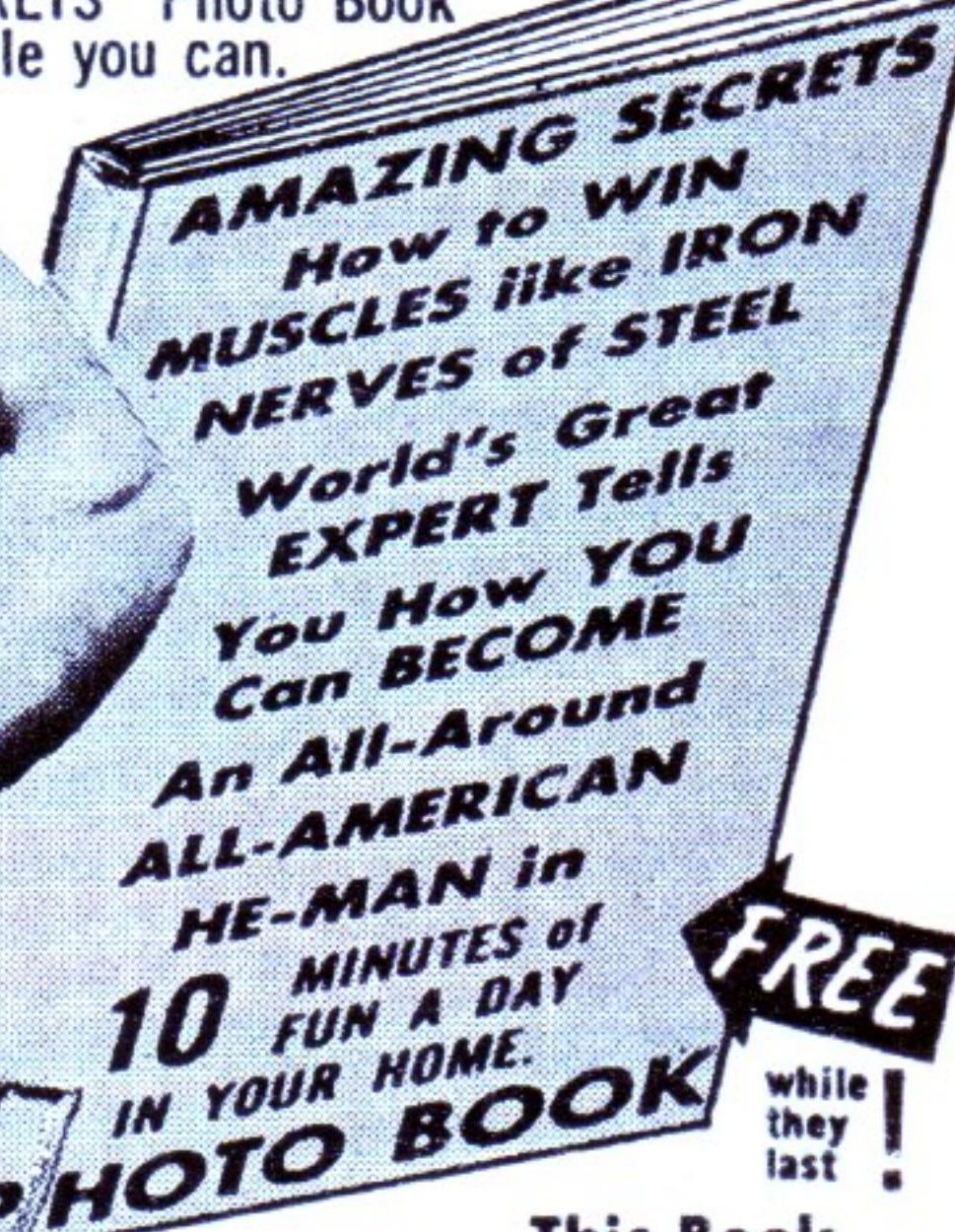
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I GAINED 60 LBS.

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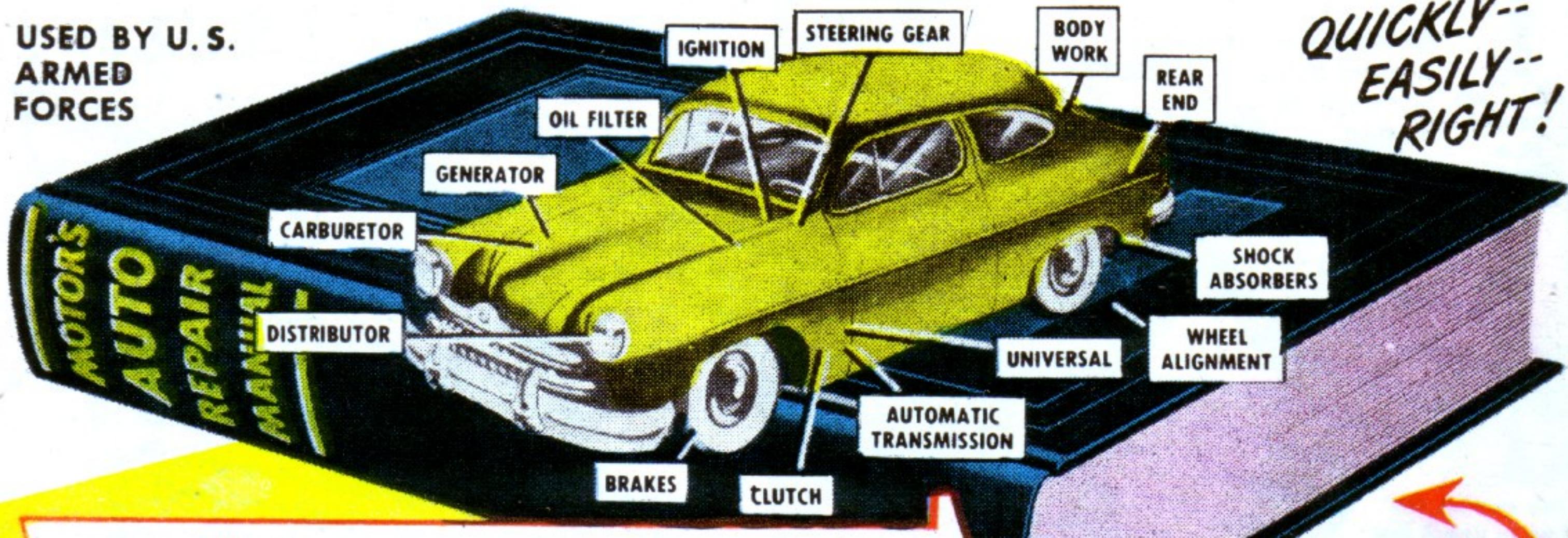
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